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THREE YEARS

WITH THE

ARMIES OF THE OHIO

AND

THE CUMBERLAND.

BY

ANGUS L. WADDLE.

LATE ADJUTANT 33rd O. V. V. I.

CHILLICOTHE, OHIO:
SCIOTO GAZETTE BOOK AND JOB OFFICE.
1889.

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INTRODUCTORY.

The letters contained in this pamphlet were originally published in the "Ohio Soldier", over the signature of "Adjutant", in a period running from January 21st. 1888, to October 13th. of the same year.

As in all probability they have not been seen by many of my comrades who take pleasure in reading of the days "when we went soldiering," and as many more, who have seen only occasional numbers, have expressed a wish to be furnished with a complete file, I have determined to put them in a more convenient form and furnish, so far as I can, a copy to each of my regimental comrades and such others as I think will take an interest in the events recorded.

No claim for literary excellence is made for them. Written entirely from memory, they are possibly inaccurate in some respects and I am fully aware of the narrowness of the scope to which they are necessarily confined, but knowing that the story of his marches, his hardships, his battles and his victories is always of interest to an old soldier, no matter in how homely a style it is told, they are presented without further apology.

To its readers this little volume may bring pleasant memories—it may bring sad ones. The recollection of the scenes around the campfire—of the incidents of life in the tent or bivouac—of the pleasantries on the march, will be saddened by remembrance of the comrade who died in the hospital or the prison, or fell in battle by their side. It is well that these emotions come to us, for they serve not only to increase the feeling of comradeship between those who still survive, but keep alive that spirit of patriotism which made such things possible.

Hoping that it may be received in the spirit in which it is presented and that each comrade may receive some pleasure, however slight, in reading it, I subscribe myself,

THE AUTHOR.

COLUMBUS, OHIO.

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CHAPTER I.

IN CAMP AT BACON CREEK, KY.—MARCH TO BOWLING GREEN AND NASHVILLE—MITCHEL'S ATTEMPT TO CAPTURE MORGAN DEFEATED —CORPORAL PIKE.

AS the history of the war is being written by the commanding generals in a style which can only be comprehended by few but those of a military turn of mind, and not by them if they have happened to read more than one account of the great battles, I have thought that a few of the minor incidents of the field, if told in a plain way, might prove of interest to those who are so unfortunate as not to be able to grasp the strategic points of a whole campaign. That there are many of these incidents which have never yet found a place in the history of the war, none can doubt, and while it is true in statesmanship that "trifles often turn the destinies of nations," it is also true in war that minor incidents and often pure accidents affect the results of battles. "It's the little things that tell," as the young lady remarked in speaking of her younger brothers. Although in these articles our scope is necessarily limited to those incidents which came under the observation of a subaltern it may yet be that we may find something which, if followed to its termination, may prove to have affected to a very considerable extent the fortunes of the field.

Dnring the winter of '61 and '62 the military division of Brigadier General Ormsby M. Mitchel, at one time Cincinnati's famous astronomer, which was a part of the Army of the Ohio, then under command of General D. C. Buell, was lying at Bacon cree:, some fifty miles south of Louisville, Ky., on the Louisville and Nashville railroad. It was intended that this should be a camp of instruction, but the location was unfortunate and the mud interfered very seriously with the drilling and maneuvering of troops, which form such a large part of the duty in camps of that kind. Besides, it was the first winter in the field for our brave boys, and the many hardships which they were called on to sustain, although as nothing before the close of the war, were then very hard to endure. The hospitals were filled with those suffering from the diseases incident to their new life, and small-pox and measles, those scourges of new armies, were terribly fatal. But

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the boys endured it as best they might, and under the eye of their skilled commander made much progress in the science of war. A great part of their duty was the building of corduroy roads, without which the moving of provision trains was utterly impossible, and heavy details were constantly employed on this necessary service. About the only recreation they had was the watching of the cars as they passed on the railroad. Trains were then running from Louisville to Munfordsville, at which point was the furthermost division of the army. The passing of these cars was a never failing source of interest to the boys, and when on one occasion it was rumored that a train would pass on that day conveying through the lines the body of the Confederate General Zollicoffer, who had been killed in the battle of Mill Spring, both sides of the road were lined with soldiers to witness the draped car in which his remains were conveyed. This was about the first battle of importance which had been fought in the West, and the body of any one who had been killed in battle was an object of interest. Poor fellows, how soon they got inured to such scenes and how many of them were destined to be "objects of interest" before the conclusion of the terrible struggle in which they were engaged!

In this camp we find Brigadier General E. Dumont, U. S. Vols; Col. Len. A. Harris and Major A. G. McCook, 2d Ohio; Lieut.-Col. John Beatty and Major J. W. Keifer, 3rd Ohio; Colonel W. Sooy Smith and Major Ben P. Runkle, 13th Ohio; Colonel T. R. Stanley and Major C. H. Grosvenor, 18th Ohio; Colonel Jessie S. Norton and Lieutenant Colonel James M. Neibling, 21st Ohio; Colonel J. W. Sill snd Lieutenant Colonel O. F. Moore, 33d Ohio; Colonel J. B. Turchin, 19th Illinois; Colonel G. Minalotzy, 24th Illinois; Colonel Curran Pope, 15th Kentucky; Captain Charles O. Loomis of the Coldwater, Michigan, battery, and Colonel John Kennett, 4th O. V. C., names which were soon destined to become historic.

As the spring approached it was a subject of much speculation as to when a forward movement would be made. The enemy was known to be at Bowling Green, and of course that would be the objective point, but it was not thought that Mitchel's division would be called on for more than a support to General McCook, whose troops were in camp at Munfordsville. Great was our surprise, therefore, when after dark one night early in February we received orders to break the camp in which we had spent the winter, and be ready to take the advance on the next morning. It seems that General Buell, being advised of the movement on Forts Henry and Donelson, and probably foreseeing the evacuation of Bowling Green, became anxious to move immediately,

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and calling upon General McCook for information as to his readiness, was told that in a week's time he would be ready. A like inquiry addressed to General Mitchel brought the reply, "Tomorrow morning," and thus it was that his division was given the advance. "To-morrow morning" found us on the road, and after a march of ten miles we passed through McCook's camps and saw the disappointed looks of the men who had confidently expected the post of honor and who had done all the work of an advanced post in order that they might receive the glory which they supposed was in store for them. We en camped that afternoon on the banks of Green river and immediately a pilgrimage began to the battlefield of Rowlett station, where but a short time before had occurred the fight between the Texas Rangers and General Willich's regiment of Indiana infantry in which Colonel Terry, of the Texans, had been killed. It was the first battlefield we had ever seen and trophies were eagerly sought after, and a few pistols and other evidences of the conflict were found and carefully treasured. On the next day but one our march was resumed, and now we began to pass through territory which had lately been occupied by rebel troops. This part of Kentucky is very badly supplied with water and the only source from which that necessary element in sufficient quantity for an army could be found were the ponds, which were numerous along the route. Gen. Hindman, who was in command on the rebel side had, however, taken ample care that these should not be available to us, for all his disabled horses and mules had been led into them and there shot, so that practically we were without water. But we got along as only soldiers can, and after awhile came to a better watered country.

After two days forced marching we came near to Bowling Green, finding the roads heavily obstructed by felled timber and late at night went into camp near the north bank of Barren river. There was quite a fall of snow that night, and the troops, wearied with their long and hurried march, the wagon trains far in the rear, bivouacked among the fallen timber, passing a most miserable night. But morning showed us that the enemy had fled and except a few rebel cavalrymen and a long train of cars ready to move, the town seemed deserted. A few shots from Loomis' battery soon sent both of these from the town and a ferry-boat being found a few miles below the bridge, which had been burned by the rebels, our advance was soon across and in full possession. The fortifications were all that was left of the army which had been stationed there and the glory which we had looked forward to as our reward had departed with the retiring troops.

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Our march from there to Nashville was without incident further than that it seemed to be a race against time, for General Mitchel was no doubt anxious that his command should be the first to enter that important city and they would have had that honor had he not been halted at Edgefield, where he was compelled to see another portion of the army which had come up the Cumberland in boats, make the first entrance. His advance of cavalry under command of Colonel John Kennett had, however, the honor of receiving the surrender of the city from the hands of its frightened mayor.

When at last we were permitted to enter and marched through the excited town, we had ample evidence that we were not welcome and the many scowling glances and indignant looks we received from the few people who deigned to notice us, satisfied us that all was not well in Dixie. Our camp was located south of town on the Murfreesboro pike and on the banks of Mill creek. Here we remained for two weeks or more, our front being picketed by the 4th O. V. C., Colonel Kennet in command, with rumors of Morgan and his bold operations coming to us daily. It was while in this camp that General Mitchel devised a scheme to capture that bold partisan and placing a large detail from his command in wagons, started on a forced march to surprise him at a point where he was supposed to be; but General Morgan had facilities for getting information much greater than Mitchel had and the latter had not advanced many miles before he was met by Morgan himself, under a flag of truce, asking for an exchange of prisoners. No doubt he had heard of the movement and adopted this *ruse* to defeat it. General Mitchel was compelled to return to camp very angry that his plans had failed and accusing Morgan of having taken unfair advantage.

But Mitchel also had his spies and it was here that I met for the first time one who afterward became noted throughout the army for his success as a scout. There was a stone bridge over the creek on which we were encamped, at which sentinels were always posted. On one occasion, when I was officer of the day, a call came from this bridge about one o'clock a. m., for the corporal of the guard. Soon I was sent for, and found there a man who had given the wrong countersign. He was dressed in citizens clothes and mounted on a much-fagged horse with a rope bridle. Both man and horse seemed completely worn out and while being questioned the rider would fall asleep and could with difficulty be aroused. Not giving a satisfactory account of himself, he was sent to division headquarters, from whence I learned

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the next day that it was Corporal Pike returning from an expedition within the enemy's lines with valuable information.

Corporal Pike was the son of Colonel Sam Pike, a veteran editor of Ohio, and a member of the 4th O. V. C., but was almost constantly employed on scouting duty. He soon became one of the most active and reliable spies of the army and frequently around the camp fire I have heard him relate adventures of thrilling interest. A small, compactly built man, he was capable of great endurance and being always cool and self-possessed in time of danger and possessing a quick capacity for noting items of importance, he was almost invaluable and largely depended upon by the commanding general. About this time the army of General Buell moved towards Corinth, arriving just in time to assist in retrieving the disasters of the first day's fight at Shiloh. General Mitchel, however, had orders to advance and seize the Memphis & Charleston railroad, at Huntsville, Ala., and to this end was given all the privileges and authority of an independent commander. How well he succeeded in accomplishing his mission will be shown in our next.

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CHAPTER II.

MARCH TO SHELBYVILLE, TENN.—DETAIL OF ANDREW'S RAIDERS—CAPTURE OF HUNTSNILLE, ALA.—A RAILROAD TRIP TO STEVENSON, ALA.—IN CAMP AT HUNTSVILLE.

GENERAL MITCHEL was now about to enter on a campaign which required the highest qualities of generalship. Plunging into an enemy's country, about which there was little known, with a force comparatively insignificant, was surely a dangerous undertaking, but all war is danger, and General Mitchel was not the one to avoid it. He knew his troops and they knew him, and each went forward with confidence in each other. Of course the rank and file knew nothing of his intentions, but when "Old Stars" led, we knew there was work before us and had confidence that we were moving in the path of duty, and felt that each step was one more toward the restoration of the Union. But, oh, what a long road it proved!

When we left camp near Nashville we took the same route over which the rebels had traveled in their retreat, and as a consequence had much to do in the way of rebuilding turnpike and railroad bridges which they had destroyed. At Murfreesboro we were delayed nearly two weeks in rebuilding a bridge over Stone's river, but the general's great energy soon conquered all obstacles and it was not long until he reached the town of Shelbyville, where, strange to say, was found a strong Union sentiment. This was very grateful to us as we were compelled to remain there several days for the purpose of receiving supplies. While in camp at this place I was called one day to the tent of the regimental commander and there introduced to a rather tall, distinguished-looking man, with dark flowing beard, who, with a map spread before him, was pointing out a course on one of the Southern railroads. He seemed to understand throughly the situation of affairs in the South and spoke of having but recently returned from a trip over the route which he was then tracing. This man was Mr. J. J. Andrews, the leader of the daring band, who were afterward the actors in the thrilling story of "Daring and Suffering." He impressed himself upon those with whom he spoke as a man of great strength of character and it was easy to see that he fully understood the dangers

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of his projected expedition, but at the same time was willing to encounter them. A call was made for volunteers for "a dangerous and secret expedition," and the company commanders were soon engaged in selecting from the numerous applicants. The men were given no insight into the nature of the service, being simply told that it was dangerous and yet there were many applicants from each company and the only trouble was in selecting those possessed of the necessary qualications for such service. The sequel proved that those chosen were the right men, for without exception they endured hardships and braved dangers which none but the boldest spirits could have met successfully. Of the twenty-one men (all of Sill's brigade), seven were hung as spies, eight escaped after long imprisonment, and the others remained in Southern prisons, until finally exchanged. Those who escaped and were exchanged, received commissions as lieutenants, and returned to their regiments in much different positions from those they had left, and this, in some instances, proved embarrassing. Private Jacob Parrott, Co. K, 33d O. V. I., who will be remembered by readers of the story, as the one who, at the time of his capture, received the terrible beating from the rebels, who were trying in vain to force him to disclose the name of the engineer, was at the time of the raid, a green country lad entirely without education. His long imprisonment and brutal treatment had not tended to polish his manners, so that when he was thrown into the society of officers he naturally felt rather out of place. Feeling this quite keenly he soon handed in his resignation, which with an endorsement of the circumstances, was forwarded to General Rousseau, then commander of the division. In a few days it was returned disapproved, with a short statement to the effect that the general "didn't care a d—— whether this officer could read or write, but that he was the kind of soldier wanted," and directing that he should report at division headquarters, where a staff officer would give him instruction. This he did, and was thus enabled to pass through the entire war with credit to himself and the command to which he was attached. He was promoted to a captaincy and is now a worthy citizen of Kenton, O., but still feeling the effects of his terrible punishment.

After a few days pleasant stay in Shelbyville we broke camp and resumed the march. Fayetteville was soon reached, and here we found the vilest secession feeling of any place which I remember in the entire South. It seemed strange that such opposite sentiments should be entertained in such close proximity; but so it was, and one day's march took us from a strong atmosphere of loyalty into a place

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where even a flag of truce was not respected. General Mitchel had captured a couple of Confederate officers and probably wishing to get some information of the country, paroled and sent them in charge of a staff officer and small escort to pass through the lines at this place. It was with the greatest difficulty that the officer and escort were saved from being mobbed and nothing but the exertions of the officers who had been prisoners, prevented their assasination by the citizens of the place. On the next day, when the troops arrived, these same citizens were as cringing as curs.

It was not really the intention of his superiors that General Mitchel should advance farther than this point, but Huntsville, with its tempting prize of the Memphis and Charleston railroad, was such a short distance off that without imparting his designs to even the members of his staff, he determined to push on and secure it. Making such disposition of his small cavalry force as was necessary, he made a forced march with his infantry, and at daylight on the morning of April 11, 1862, the first Union troops which had ever penetrated this section of the South had possession of the beautiful town. A passenger train with many rebel officers and soldiers aboard was captured at the depot and a large amount of rolling stock fell into our hands. But with possession of the place came heavy responsibilities and well did our general maintain himself under them. His energy soon had everything again in operation on the railroad and in the afternoon Colonel Turchin, with his brigade, was moving to seize the important railroad bridges at Decatur, twenty-five miles west of Huntsville.

The brigade of Colonel Sill, being ordered to Stevenson, was placed in cars the same evening, but not being able to secure a trusty engineer, the men were compelled to remain closely packed in these uncomfortable quarters the entire night in that disagreeable state of uncertainty which always exists when one is expecting to start every moment, but never goes. The recollection of that unpleasant night remains with me yet. Soon after daylight, however, we were off and a novel train it was. Before the locomotive (from the cab of which General Mitchel was peering) a platform car was driven, on which was placed a piece of artillery and on which Colonel Sill stood the greater part of the trip. Then followed a motley collection of passenger, freight and construction cars, all filled with armed men. Cautiously, if such a thing as caution was possible under the circumstances, we moved forward through a country in which every bush might conceal an enemy, through cuts where whole troops of hostile soldiers might

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be hiding, over bridges and embankments where a displaced rail might send us all to destruction. We steamed along until a run of seventy miles brought us to our destination.

Stevenson was the junction of the Memphis & Charleston, and Nashville & Chattanooga railroads, and of course was a very important point and destined afterward to be a great depot for army supplies. Our coming had been heralded by an engine which had escaped from Huntsville the day before and great was the excitement among such of the citizens as had remained to receive us. After stopping at the principal hotel for a dinner of fried pork, corn bread and rye coffee, we proceeded a few miles farther to a bridge over a small stream which we destroyed, thus cutting off an attack by rail from the east, and returned to Stevenson, where Colonel Sill with his command (General Mitchel having returned to Huntsville on the locomotive), remained several days, interviewing and being interviewed by the citizens. Then, having stationed guards at the bridges and other important points of the railroad, we returned to Huntsville and went into regular camp with the brigade of Colonel Wm. H. Lytle, which had remained there in occupancy. This was one of the most beautiful camps we were ever in. Situated in a beautiful grove one mile north of town, with a stream meandering through it in rear of the camp, it seemed a soldier's paradise and supplied as we were with vegetables and fruits by the ever friendly slaves, there seemed but little lacking to our perfect comfort. A part of that little was found when on an expedition to Bellefonte, Ala., the brigade made a capture of four barrels of whisky, which was equally divided between the regiments, giving a barrel to each for "medicinal purposes." On the banks of the stream above mentioned was a luxuriant growth of mint and our surgeon, knowing the sanitary qualities of a combination of "greens and whisky," had a detail of two men to report to him each morning for *mint* duty. When they returned with their arms laden with the fragrant weed, a large bucketful of mint julep was concocted and the tedium of camp life was dispelled on many a warm afternoon by the officers sitting in the abundant shade discussing the progress of the war—and the *combination.*

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CHAPTER III.

MITCHEL'S OCCUPANCY OF MIDDLE TENNESSEE AND NORTHERN ALABAMA.—TURCHIN'S BRIGADE AND REGIMENT.—FIGHT AT BRIDGEPORT AND BURNING OF RAILROAD BRIDGE.—RETURN OF A RAIDER.—EXPEDITION AGAINST CHATTANOOGA.—REMOVAL OF GENERAL MITCHEL.

HUNTSVILLE was such a delightful place that the soldiers of General Mitchel's command would have been perfectly content to have remained there the entire summer, luxuriating in the shade of their beautiful camps, but the situation was too precarious for such ease to be permitted. With a front of near one hundred and fifty miles and the Memphis and Charleston Railroad to protect with a force not exceeding six or seven thousand men, it was necessary that we be kept moving and General Mitchel was not the one to allow his troops to be enervated by luxury or indolence. Expeditions were being constantly sent out by rail or on foot and the greater part of his army was constantly in motion. By this means he was able to deceive the enemy as to his small command, and history shows that he was accredited with a much larger force than he actually had. By offers of liberty to such negroes as brought him valuable information he was enabled to keep fully apprised of all the movements of the enemy, who even with his many sympathizers, was never satisfactorily assured of the actual force of the Union troops. Occasionally roving bands of guerillas would make attacks on bridges or trestles of the railroad, but in nearly every instance they were driven off by the guards without accomplishing much injury. Trains on the railroad were often fired at, but never with much damage, although it interfered very considerably with the comfort of the passengers, who were always Mitchel's soldiers. One of these guerilla bands was headed by a man named Gunther. His plantation on the Tennessee river was known as Gunther's Landing and as it was often on our route in our marches through the country and the character of its owner well known to the soldiers, there was little of value left on it after we had visited it a few times.

It was on one of these expeditions so frequently sent out that our general, ever fertile in expedients, made use of the celebrated cotton

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bridge. He conceived the idea from seeing a fisherman indulging in his sport while seated on a cotton bale floating in the stream, and when it was necessary on this occasion to cross Mud creek, the bridge over which had been destroyed, he collected a large quantity of bales and by fastening them together, formed a bridge, over which he successfully crossed his infantry, cavalry and artillery.

Another expedient was the converting of an old ferry-boat into a gun-boat, which being manned by volunteers from the 15th Kentucky infantry, patrolled the river and made quite an efficient navy.

Although the troops were frequently called to every point of the territory held by General Mitchel, the brigade of Colonel Sill was more particularly charged with the care of the railroad from Huntsville to Stevenson, while that of Colonel Turchin looked after the shorter distance from Huntsville to Decatur and extended their lines to Athens, Columbia and other points, through which supplies were brought to the army. At one of these places, Athens I think, some treachery had been shown to the Union army and Colonel Turchin on his next visit annnounced to his command that he would "shut mine eyes for one hour." At the end of that hour unmistakable signs of a cyclone were plainly visible. This was one of the charges against him when he was court-martialed and dismissed from the army as colonel, only to be commissioned immediately a brigadier general. His brigade was composed largely of Germans, who believed with their commander that "war was war," and when their Dutch was up they were sure to be heard from. His own regiment, the 19th Illinois, organized in Chicago, was a terror in battle or wherever it went, and I remember, on one occasion, when the regiment with which I was connected had garrisoned the town of Bellefonte, Ala., for several days, was removed, to the great relief of the citizens who had failed to be favorably impressed with our manner of "conquering a peace." To tell the truth, our boys had been behaving rather badly, and received such a reproof from Colonel Sill as I never heard him give before or after.

Happening to meet a prominent citizen of the place a short time afterward he told me of the joy with which the citizens had seen our departure, but that in less than an hour they had prayed and were praying still for our return. *The 19th Illinois had relieved us.*

At one time General Mitchel determined to attack the enemy holding the important railroad bridges at Bridgeport, a short distance east of Stevenson. Gen Leadbetter, of the Confederate service, was in command at Chattanooga and had placed guards at that point, with

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an outpost at Widden's creek, a few miles further west, where we had burnt the bridge at the time of our first advance. With a small force he advanced on this outpost and while they were engaged he rapidly threw his main column, numbering about two thousand men, against the rebel force at Bridgeport. To do this he had to make a detour to the left and march over a road through a marshy country, which it was necessary to corduroy in order to allow the hauling of artillery. Every soldier was ordered to carry a rail and the army somewhat resembled that of Malcolm when it moved with Birnam Wood. A march of a few miles brought us upon the enemy, entirely unexpectedly to him and after a short fight we could see the guards scampering over the bridge and did what we could to hasten their flight. This bridge, which was a very important one, was in two parts, an island being between them. An attempt was made by the enemy to destroy the western part, but we were there too quick for them; but the eastern part was fired and soon in ruins. In the meantime the outpost at Widden's creek, alarmed by the firing in their rear, came rushing back only to fall in our arms as captives. On the morning after the fight an incident of a pleasant nature occurred:

Samuel L'ewellyn, a member of Company I, 33d Ohio, who had started with the Andrews' party had been captured at a point in Tennessee, and in order to make his story good—that of being a citizen of Kentucky on his way to join the Southern army—he had been obliged to actually enroll himself in a Confederate battery. This battery had been opposed to us the day before but had hurriedly retreated to Chattanooga. In the confusion he managed to secrete himself in the weeds, where he remained all night and the next morning appeared on the bank of the river dressed in Confederate gray. Thinking to add another to our prisoners, a skiff was immediately manned and our comrade was soon once more *at home* under the old flag. After remaining there a couple of days, Colonel Sill received orders from General Mitchel, who had returned to headquarters, to destroy the remaining part of the bridge, which was accordingly done, the great structure making a most imposing conflagration. In after days it was rebuilt at great expense and did good service for the Union army under Generals Rosecrans and Sherman. General Mitchel was soon after placed in command of all troops in Middle Tennessee and Northern Alabama and in June he threw a detachment under General Negley to threaten Chattanooga. Colonel Sill's brigade, united with Negley at Jasper, Tenn., making a movement on Shellmound, a station of the railroad

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on the south bank of the river, but a reported movement of the enemy on Murfreesboro compelled General Negley to return to that point, although it was reasonably certain that this stronghold would have fallen a bloodless prize into our possession. It is doubtful if it could have been held for any length of time with the small force under General Mitchel's command; but two years later, when Chicamauga stream ran crimson with the blood of patriots, it was gained, never to be lost.

But events were now occurring which were soon to deprive us of our loved commander. The bloodless battle of Corinth had been fought and the army of General Buell was moving on the line of the railroad to unite with General Mitchel's command. He personally arrived at Huntsville in the latter part of June and it was soon demonstrated that his views for the prosecution of the war were not at all in accord with those of General Mitchel. As a consequence the latter soon offered his resignation, but the authorities ordered him to Washington, intending to give him a more important command. The military intrigue, so common at that day, prevented this, and he was given an unimportant command at Port Royal, S. C., where he soon fell a victim to yellow fever, and ended a career which had promised to be one of the most successful of the war. His whole heart was in the cause; he was a patriot in the truest sense of the word, a man skilled in his profession and of almost unexampled energy. His active spirit seemed never to rest and no fatigue or danger ever prevented what he considered a discharge of duty. Had he lived to a later day, when qualities such as his were sought after, the name of Ormsby McKnight Mitchel, although at present occupying an honorable position in American history, might have been the brightest on its page. Who knows?

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CHAPTER IV.

AT BATTLE CREEK, TENN.— A FALSE ALARM.—FORT MCCOOK.—THE BELLE OF BATTLE CREEK.—SKIRMISH WITH REBEL CAVALRY.—THE FIRST GUN.

SOON after the arrival of General Buell there were rumors of a concentration at some point in eastern Tennessee of the rebel forces under General Bragg and it was generally supposed that some important military movement would soon be inaugurated. General Lovell H. Rousseau had been appointed to the command of Mitchel's old division, but he was down about Athens with Turchin's and Lytle's brigades while Colonel Sill was near the mouth of Battle Creek, not far from Jasper, Tenn.

General McCook's troops were ordered to that point and soon quite an army was congregated there and we were temporarily placed in his command. It was not long, however, until Colonel Sill, having been promoted to a brigadier generalship, was transferred to another command and Colonel Len A. Harris, 2d O. V. I., took charge of the old ninth brigade.

The road leading to our camps from Jasper ran along the bank of Battle Creek, a small sluggish stream which flowed at the foot of the mountains until it emerged into a cove and emptied into the Tennessee. This road had to be picketed and our regiment was thrown out on it a mile or more from the general camp and went into regular quarters, where we established quite a trade with citizens in blackberries, roasting ears, etc. We had numerous false alarms and I have a painful recollection of a lively game of poker being broken up one morning about 2 a. m. by information from headquarters that the enemy was advancing on us and orders to fall back immediately on the main force. In the hurry and confusion which followed a pocketbook which had frequently been called upon in the progress of the game, but still containing some forty dollars, which was being held as a reserve, was lost. The alarm proved false, but a thorough search of the camp on the next morning failed to recover the missing property, in all probability it having fallen into the hands of the citizens who

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were busily searching the camp almost as soon as we had left it. After that we remained with the main force and enjoyed ourselves as best we might in the hot summer weather which was then upon us. It was not too hot though for a proper observance of the 4th of July and a full supply of patriotism in bottles and kegs being received about that time by the sutler of the 24th Illinois and through the kind hospitality of the gallant Colonel Mihalotzy, who afterward fell at Buzzard Roost, the privilege of sharing it being extended to a favored few, the forenoon of that day was most patriotically celebrated. As to the afternoon my recollection is not so distinct.

But it was not all play there and the troops were kept busily at work in building a fort, which was afterward to prove of doubtful benefit. It was built on the side of the mountain, not far from the Tennessee river and named for our commander "Fort McCook."

About that time a force of the enemy established a camp on the south bank of the river, but by mutual understanding there were no hostilities and the men of both sides mingled in the most friendly manner. They bathed on the opposite sides of the river at the same hours and frequently some daring spirit would swim across and enjoy the society of his enemies for a short time and was always allowed to return without injury or opposition. But this friendly spirit was not always to continue—mischief was brewing and, although we of the rank and file were kept in ignorance, there was no mistaking that important movements were in progress. One command after another was ordered away until the old brigade was all that was left of the large force which had been congregated there. Soon the greater part of that was taken and the only Union troops on the ground were Colonel Harris with his staff, a small detachment of the 4th Ohio cavalry and the 33d regiment O. V. I.

Our friends on the opposite side of the river were no longer to be seen in force and the swimming frolics were entirely broken up. We remained there for a week or more foraging on the country and having, as we thought, quite a picnic. To be sure there was not quite enough of the *lady* element to make it a very enjoyable one, yet we were not entirely unprovided for in that line, for the daughter of a family living almost in the camp soon became a great favorite and her society was quite a solace for the lonely soldier boys.

A true type of the native Tennesseean, her blond locks and strawberry complexion added to the grace with which she handled a snuff stick, would have attracted attention anywhere, but in a community

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like ours in which there were no rivals aud where her charms alone held sway, it was little wonder that she was the "Belle of Battle Creek," and that every soldier from the stern commander to the most bashful private was her devoted admirer. So long as the main army was there her lot, in a feminine point of view, was a most enviable one, for all sought to gain favor in her eyes and the strongest coffee, sweetest roasting ears and choicest bits of bacon were always at her command. But the old experience of "I never loved a tree nor flower" was soon to be hers and as her lovers were marched off by platoons, companies and regiments, she must have felt miserable indeed and the snapping of heart strings was no doubt terrible.

But she adapted herself to circnmstances. When the number of her lovers was reduced to four or five hundred she smiled on them just as pleasantly as when they were that many thousands. Her ideas of rank could not have been very distinct for the company cook and company commander were alike favored and the captain, with his glittering shoulder straps, as he proudly marched at the head of his company, was no more to her than the corporal, with his modest chevrons, who brought up the rear.

Love and war are closely allied. We were having lots of one but very little of the other, and soon there was to be an *evening* up. It so happened that our foraging party one day ran across a few rebel cavalrymen on *our* side of the river, who soon made known that their intentions were not as friendly as in the swimming days, and a brisk skirmish was the result, during which the enemy returned to their own territory with the loss of one man. The mere fact of their being on the north side of the river showed that they were growing bolder and more confident and arrangements were quickly made for our protection in case of attack. The regiment was sent out in companies to picket the various roads and fords, while the regimental field and staff, with "A" compauy remained in the camp immediately without the fort. Although a night attack was expected it passed without incident and we slept undisturbed except by the voices of the sentinels as they announced the hour and proclaimed that "All's well." At early dawn the various pickets were visited, who reported all quiet on their front with the exception of the one at the ford of Battle creek, where Captain (now Judge) Minshall was in command. Movements of the enemy had been heard in his front during the night and it was thought that an attack if made at all, would commence at that point. The morning, which was bright and hot, passed without incident, until about the noon hour, when while seated in the open

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air at my mess chest, eating dinner, I chanced to look across the river and saw some persons pulling the bushes aside and peering through them. The cook's attention was drawn to it, but we decided it was of no special moment and went on with the meal. Had we known then what we knew afterward, that we had been left there as a corps of observation, while the entire army was being withdrawn from that section of the country, we might have been a little more uneasy. Such was really the case and we were the only Union troops on the south side of the Cumberland mountains, while on the other side everything was in confusion and doubt as to where General Bragg was to make his first appearance. But of all this we were ignorant and in the calm mood in which one usually feels after a hearty dinner, I sauntered slowly to the headquarters tent in which the colonel and chaplain sat busily engaged in writing. But this serenity was short lived, for before I reached there b-a-n-g went a gun and w-h-i-z-z came a shell.

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CHAPTER V.

ATTACK ON FORT MCCOOK.—ITS EVACUATION AND OUR NIGHT MARCH.—MARCH TO NASHVILLE AND LOUISVILLE.

THE gun which thus broke the stillness of that Tennessee valley quickly changed the peaceful appearance of our camp. A moment before everything was as quiet as it was possible for a military camp to be, but now all was bustle and activity, the long roll was beaten, the men present qnickly fell into line and the protection of the fort was eagerly sought. The picnic was ended and stern war was upon us. The fort which we had regarded as our protection, soon showed itself a delusion and a snare. As I said before, it was built upon the side of the mountain, but, unfortunately for us, was directly exposed to the enemy and we soon found that it was the most insecure place in the neighborhood. Shell after shell came bursting in our midst and as the fragments hurtled through the air, we soon found that it was not good for us to be there. By leaving the fort, however and getting on the *wrong* side of the embankment, a place of comparative security was found and thither a pilgrimage soon began. The chaplain showed his orthodoxy by uniting his faith with the *works* and the followers of his good example were more numerous on that occasion than they had generally been when he preached the faith alone. As we were without artillery and the enemy far beyond reach of musketry, there was nothing for us to do but take our medicine and it came in no homœopathic doses. Solid shot, case shot and shell rained upon us the whole afternoon and it required no second sight to tell who had the picnic then. What fun it must have been—*for them!* Colonel Harris bore himself gallantly, as he always did, but there was no opportunity for the display of any military ability and beyond the drawing in of the pickets where they were not needed and the strengthening of those which occupied dangerous posts, there was nothing to do but dodge the missiles which came from over the river.

With the approach of darkness our flanking companies, armed with Enfields, were sent to the river bank and soon caused the withdrawal of the guns to a more respectful distance, but yet we were within reach and the shell with its fiery, hissing fuse, still made its regular

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visits. Orders were issued to prepare for a retreat and the wagons, their wheels being muffled with old tents to conceal the movement, were loaded with our camp equipage and everything prepared for an evacuation of the fort. About twelve o'clock everything was in readiness and in squads we collected at an appointed rendezvouz and commenced our march over the rough, rugged road running along the stream at the base of the mountain. When we reached the ford which had been considered the point of danger, our pickets there were united with the main force and in a heavy rain, which was then falling, we began a weary, toilsome night march over the mountainous road which was to lead us to the main army. We afterward learned that it was the intention to intercept us at that point, but General Adams, in command of the rebel cavalry, was in a debauch at Jasper and preferred the society of his boon companions to a ride in the rain to his command, which was ready to attack us at that point. Soon after daylight we descended the mountain into the open plain and congratulated ourselves that we were safe once more, for we then began to appreciate the precarious situation in which we had been placed. As we were about to bivouac for breakfast, a squadron of cavalry was seen advancing in our front, which for a short time was supposed to be the enemy and Colonel Harris immediately announced his intention of making a fight. It proved, however, to be a party of our old friends of the 4th. Ohio cavalry on a scout and soon they joined us in our morning meal and listened to our accounts of the previous day's events. Singularly enough those events have never found a place in history, and with the exception of slight mention in the history of the regiment in "Ohio in the War," I believe that this hasty and imperfect sketch is their only record. It was an event of considerable moment to us who were there, for by a miracle almost, we escaped capture and it was wonderful that, with the exception of one man in Co. K killed and two or three slightly wounded, there were not more casualties from the heavy cannonading which we were compelled to endure for nearly twelve hours. Resuming our march we were soon at Decherd and there to our surprise learned that the army was in full retreat northward. Trains were being loaded with the sick, everything of value in the way of quartermaster and commissary supplies were being collected and soon we were a part of the rear guard, under command of General Wm. Sooy Smith, leaving the territory which General Mitchel had so gallantly won and over which we had held full sway for nearly six months.

Our march to Murfreesboro was a hurried and exhausting one, for

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General Bragg's movements were not known with certainty yet, and there were many reports of the enemy's proximity, necessitating that we should be well closed up in case of attack. At Murfreesboro the army was concentrated and soon we were again in Nashville. And now began that long, tiresome, dusty march to Louisville, in which Generals Buell and Bragg moved on parallel roads and in which a battle seemed imminent at several points but never came. A portion of Bragg's army in front of us captured the garrison at Munfordsville, Ky., and sent the men to meet us after they had been paroled. I well remember their sad, dejected look as they approached our advance and were compelled to listen to the jeers of our men, at what was only their misfortune, certainly not their fault.

It was while on this march that I remember seeing, for the first time, that grand man whom I most cordially agree with Colonel Donn Piatt in pronouncing the "greatest of the war." As we were trudging along, a horseman approached, followed by such an escort as denoted him a general officer. General officers were pretty common in those days, but here was an exception. The large commanding figure, with military coat tightly buttoned, the slow but dignified movement, the firm but kind look, all told him to be more than the ordinary man, and without any inquiries I felt that it was General George H. Thomas. As he saluted in passing I could but gaze on the perfect military man with a feeling of admiration and although not under his immediate command, I felt that it would be an honor to follow such a leader. In the years which followed, when as a member of the 14th corps and the Army of the Cumberland, that relationship was established, this feeling was increased and I yet regard it as the highest honor of my life to say that I was a soldier of General Thomas' command.

Wearily the march proceeded, until at last, one day, we came in sight of the Ohio river, at West Point, below Louisville. None but those in our situation can appreciate the feelings with which we regarded its familiar water. Rivers were no uncommon sight to us. The summer had been spent on the Tennessee. Very recently we had crossed the Cumberland, the Barren and the Green rivers, but here was the old *Ohio*, which reminded us of home and friends and whose waters, as they rolled swiftly by, told us of the loyal hearts watching our progress and praying for our success,

The bountiful supplies which we found awaiting us on steamers, were also a great relief, for this was the first point since leaving Nashville that gave opportunity of replenishing our now scanty supply of

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provisions. The boats which brought these supplies looked very inviting to the foot-sore soldiers, and many a wish was expressed that we would go the rest of the journey by water, but this was not permitted and again we were on the dusty turnpike wearily traveling to our journey's end. It was after night when we were halted and scarcely had the men fallen to sleep as they broke ranks, ere they were again aroused to resume the march. The sides of the road were now filled with tired men who had been compelled by sheer fatigue to leave the ranks, but still the organization was kept up and just at daylight we reached our destination and encamped in the suburbs of the city of Louisville.

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CHAPTER VI.

AT LOUISVILLE, KY.—KILLING OF GENERAL NELSON.—AFTER BRAGG THROUGH KENTUCKY.—BATTLE OF PERRYVILLE.

After establishing camp our first move was to get a square meal. Walker's restaurant was then the great resort and thither a few of us repaired to replenish the inner man with delicacies, to which we had long been strangers. We found it crowded with citizens, to whom the neat barkeepers were busily engaged in dispensing the "pride of Kentucky," and of course we joined the procession. It had been many a day since we had enjoyed the luxury of a cocktail or brandy smash and we could hardly realize that such things were at our disposal and that the invitation to "pass the canteen," was for awhile at least, a thing of the past. Facing the bar, each one named his preference, but were horror-stricken when politely informed that it was contrary to orders to sell to officers or soldiers. Of course we were much abashed at this refusal, so much so that an employe of the house commiserating us, politely informed us that if we wished breakfast and would step into one of the little rooms near by, there would be no difficulty in procuring what we wanted. Of course we wished breakfast and soon found that the employe was perfectly truthful. After our meal we chanced to meet the paymaster of our division whose headquarters were in the city and he kindly made us *solid* at another restaurant, so that when we returned to camp and found numbers of women there, with well-filled canteens strung under their dresses, which they were selling to the soldiers, we were strongly convinced that "prohibition does not prohibit," even with provost guards and bayonets to enforce it. Several days were spent in Louisville drawing supplies and fitting out the men with new clothing, of which they were sadly in need. A large number of new regiments were there, a part of which were apportioned among the old army, so as to throw them in contact with veterans and thus secure their efficiency sooner than if they were classed together. In this apportionment the 94th. Ohio, Colonel Frizell, fell to our brigade, and in time proved itself a valuable addition.

We were very much shocked about this time by the killing of General Wm. Nelson by General Jeff. C. Davis, which happened at the Galt House. General Nelson had been our commander on an expedi-

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tion into eastern Kentucky before we were assigned to General Mitchel and although the campaign had been a short one, we had learned to respect him for his soldierly qualities. A stern, hard officer he was, but none could doubt his patriotism or skill as a commander and when he fell the whole army knew and felt the loss it had sustained. But in the rapid current of events just then, this was but a ripple and soon we were on the march once more to drive Bragg from Kentucky, through which he was marching at will. At Bardstown and other points we were very near him, but he declined battle and it was not until he reached Perryville that he was induced to stand. On the night before the battle, as we were marching along in the darkness, a general officer overtook us and recognizing our colonel as an old acquaintance, rode some distance by our side talking of the events occurring around us. His fine personal appearance and the strong patriotic expressions which he uttered made a pleasing impression on me and it was with regret I heard his pleasant "good night" as he left us. It was General James W. Jackson, of Kentucky, as true a patriot as ever gave his life for his country. Before the morrow's sun had set he had died the soldier's death.

The orders for the next day's march were that every soldier should fill his canteen before starting, as water would be exceeding scarce on the route. So it proved and when we were halted about noon there was a great demand for that necessary element, but it seemed that a large part of General Bragg's army was standing guard over all there was in the neighborhood. During the forenoon we had heard at intervals the sound of cannon in our front and were told that General Sheridan had engaged the enemy. Since leaving Louisville was the first time that General Sheridan's name had been known in that army. An occasional straggler on being asked where he belonged would reply, "Sheridan's division." "Who the devil is Sheridan?" would be the next query, for no one seemed to know this coming man. But it was not long before the name became familiar and there were but few soldiers in what was soon to be the army of the Cumberland, but that could give full information of "Little Phil." His advance had been skirmishing with the enemy all the forenoon, but no general battle had as yet been opened. It was reserved for Rousseau's division to open the ball, and this is the way it was done.

General McCook, our corps commander, having placed us in line of battle, rode to General Buell's headquarters to report and on his return ordered us to throw out skirmishers to our front in search of water, which was done under command of Captain Montgomery, 33rd.

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Ohio. It was not long before they were seen falling back and immediately a force of rebel cavalry came over a hill in our front, bnt a volley from our regiment, emptied many of their saddles and caused them to quickly disappear. Our boys cheered loudly at their easy victory, but almost before the cheering ceased a large force of gray-coated infanftry were seen coming directly upon our flank. And now the battle was upon us. With closed columns and the rebel yell, which we then heard for the first time, they came like veterans, and the onslaught was terrible. Almost at the same moment another force attacked General Jackson's division, which was composed entirely of new troops, which soon gave way and it was then that that brave officer, with his two brigade commanders, were killed in trying to rally their men. But the old "Mitchel" division, under the gallant leader, Rousseau, stood firm and gave evidence of the military training it had received. The 2nd. and 33d. Ohio were on the front line and received the first attack, but although their losses were terrible, held their position and checked the advance of the brave enemy with whom they were battling. Captain Berryhill, of the 2d. acting as Major, rode far in advance of his regiment and was probably the first man killed in the engagement. Colonel Moore, commanding the 33d., was wounded at the first fire and soon after captured when we were forced back a short distance, only to make another stand. Lytle's brigade on our right was soon in the fight and its brave leader wounded so badly that he was reported killed. For four long hours, Harris' and Lytle's brigades of Rousseau's division, sustained the brunt of the fight, only giving way as they were compelled by the superior numbers in their front and never were troops more ably handled than they were. The splendid figure of General Rousseau on his throroughbred Kentucky horse was always in our front and where the fight was hottest there he was to be seen cheering and encouraging his men. Colonel Harris, in his cool, collected manner, was watching every movement, taking advantage of the ground wherever possible and directing his regimental commanders in choosing their positions. Once when I reported to him that we needed ammunition, he looked anxiously at the sun and expressed a wish that it would soon disappear and thus put an end to the fight which was so unequally waged. But it was low in the West when reinforcements were sent to us and not until darkness came was the contest ended and the battle of Perryville over.

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CHAPTER VII.

GEN. JOSHUA W. SILL.—HIS EARLY LIFE AND CIRCUMSTANCES OF HIS DEATH.—

MEMORIAL day is once more with us and as we discharge the duties of the occasion and strew with flowers the graves of those who were once our comrades in camp and battle, we can but notice the rapidity with which the little mounds increase. Slowly but surely the hand of Time is "gathering them in." Soon the company will be complete—"all present or accounted for"—and of those who march with muffled drum and draped banner bearing their floral tributes, not one will be of those whose privilege it was to be a defender of the Union. As the years pass and their descendants gather at the graves, there will be none to recall the features of him who lies beneath; no orator to picture to the assembled crowd the deeds of valor in which he himself participated; but tradition and history must needs be impressed for material to inculcate lessons of loyalty. On one of the brightest pages of that history will be found the name of General Joshua W. Sill, whose grave, in the lovely cemetery at Chillicothe, Ohio, we decorate today. There are other graves near by of men who have served the nation and who in long years of public life merited and received the honors of the republic. Within the cast of a stone lie the remains of Edward Tiffin, Thomas Worthington, Duncan McArthur and William Allen, former Governors of Ohio and each in his day distinguished in the national councils, while on the brow of the hill overlooking the beautiful valley of the Scioto and the city which he founded, stands the monument of the daring Nathaniel Massie whose name will live forever in the pioneer history of the state. But to-day we pass those graves to honor one who, while but a youth, gave his life that the heritage which they left should be preserved.

As my memory goes back into the past there comes to me varied recollections. I recall the subject of this sketch when but a boy living on the northeast corner of Paint and Fourth streets in Chillicothe, doing the chores about his father's house, but never seeming to care for the plays and pastimes of youths of his own age. A bright little brother he had. who gave promise of as brilliant a ca-

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reer as him of whom we are now speaking, but he died when but a lad and was sleeping many years before this companion of his youth was brought, with military pomp, to be laid by his side. Joshua was always a modest, studious boy, at an early age joining the Presbyterian church and leading a most devout life. The Church and its exercises, with his books, seemed to be his only pleasures and every one was surprised when he went as a cadet to West Point, it being generally conceded that the ministry was his appropriate sphere. But so it was; his studious and correct habits, which would have proven a success wherever he had been placed, enabled him to graduate with honor from an institntion which was evidently not suited to his tastes. After a few years service, in which he occupied responsible positions and gained much credit, he retired from the army and engaged in the more congenial occupation of teaching, having been chosen to a professorship in a polytechnic school at Brooklyn, N. Y. But with the outbreak of the war his high sense of duty and patriotic feelings compelled him to make a tender of his services to his native state. Such services as he rendered soon attracted attention and he was offered and accepted the command of the Thirty-third regiment O. V. I. It was then that my intercourse with him, which had been broken since our boyhood, was again renewed and I still found him in many things the same modest, unassuming boy; but years and the military training which he had received had given him character and a quiet dignity marked him the soldier that he was. Always courteous, but always firm, he commanded the respect and won the love of his subalterns and not a man in his command but deemed it a pleasure to perform his duty and thus secure his commander's approval. Although, after going to the field, his soldierly qualities almost immediately removed him from his regiment and transferred him to a higher position, and in time to another portion of the army, his old comrades never failed in their love and honor to him, and his well deserved promotion was as grateful to them as it could possibly have been to him.

"Fell at Stone River" says the marble stone which marks his resting place. "Fell at Stone River!" How the words bring back the memory of that drizzly morning at Stone river, when, as we were moving to the relief of our broken lines, there passed along the column the melancholy news that General Sill was killed! But a few days before the officers of his old command had at his request joined him in a Christmas dinner and heard with pride his commen-

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dation of their past behavior and listened to his expressed hope that in the battle which his military judgment showed him to be imminent we would still further honor him and ourselves by heroic deeds. But thus early in the fight—almost before the battle was on—this incentive was taken from us. As the veterans recieved the word the kindling eye, tightened grasp of the musket and a firmer tread showed their deep feeling and in a few short moments bullets were speeding from our line to avenge the death of him who had been our loved commander.

The circumstances of his death, although published at the time, have never been so accurately or so fully given as they are in a letter which I recently received from Mr. Fred Colburn now a resident of Clifton Forge, Va., and from which I take the liberty of making a few extracts. Mr. Colburn at that time was but a boy of seventeen years of age, acting in the capacity of quartermaster sergeant with his father, who was the quartermaster of the 33d. Ohio. Fred, by his bright and soldierly qualities, had attracted the general's attention and at the dinner above alluded to was offered a position as extra aid-de-camp on his staff. Of course it was gladly accepted and the young man duly installed as one of his military family and was constantly by his side in the movements preceding the battle. The night before was quite cold and the general shared his blankets with his young aide, who further tells the story as follows:

"We did not sleep much, for it was very cold and as we lay with our heads to the frozen ground we could hear the enemy all night long moving to our right. They were not far off and the clashing of their guns and jingling of their canteens could be distinctly heard. Finally, about 3 o'clock in the morning, the general got up and said: 'They are massing in heavy force on our front and to our right—get your horse and come with me.' I did so and we went to General Sheridan's headquarters where General Sill reported what was going on and as our line was too weak to stand an attack in such heavy force, he asked for two regiments to be posted in the rear of our brigade, subject to his command, which was done; both of us going with them; so as to know their exact location in case the attack was made before daylight; then after going to our skirmish line to see if 'the boys' were wide awake, we again laid down and awaited events. It was about 7:30 o'clock and scarcely light, when we heard the first shot fired, a single musket shot, but it was the opening of the battle. In less than thirty seconds there was another, and then a volley, and

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then the roar of the battle could be heard on our extreme right. We were on the alert, the general riding up and down our line to see that every man was in his place and ready.

"In the meantime the general had sent off Captains Stearns and Mitchel of his staff with orders and as Adams had been shot through the thigh the afternoon before and disabled and Captain De Bruin had been detailed to General McCook's headquarters, I was the only one with him for the moment, as he rode to the extreme left of our brigade, where there was some high ground commanding a good view of our front. When we got there he pulled out his field glass and looked a long time at a ravine on the far side of a field in our front, and then turning to me remarked: 'That ravine is packed full of the enemy.' He had scarcely got the words out of his mouth when an officer dashed up and told him 'the enemy is charging our (Bush's) battery in a heavy force of five columns.' The general immediately dug the spurs into his horse and started for the battery, I following. We had got about half way down to it when he pulled up short and said: 'Go bring up those two regiments in reserve. We will need them.' I started to obey him and he kept on toward the battery. After bringing up the two regiments and putting them into action, I of course sought my general again for more orders and not seeing him at once about the battery asked Captain Bush where he was and he pointed to a little distance behind one of the guns. The general had ridden down to the battery, ordered Captain Bush to 'double shot his guns with grape and canister' and then he fell. I went to him at once and found Captain Stearns bending over him, the tears rolling down his cheeks. When Stearns saw me he raised up, and saying that they had killed his beloved general, he mounted his horse and rode away. I looked at the general and saw that he was still breathing, although evidently mortally wounded and with the assistance of a couple of soldiers I carried him to a house in the rear that had been turned into a temporary hospital. We laid him on the floor and calling the attention of a surgeon I told him he was a general officer, and who he was and to do all in his power for him, and then mounted my horse and reported his fall to General Sheridan and asked him who should take command of the brigade. He told me Colonel Grensel, of the 36th. Illinois, to whom I reported and offered my services, which were accepted and I remained with him the rest of the day. Such I believe are the exact particulars of the general's death. As you know I was much attached to him, and everything that occurred was indelibly stamped on my mind."

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The building in which the general was left was soon in the hands of the enemy and I believe the exact time of his death has never been known, but presumably he died in a very short time after he was recieved there. The wound was from a minnie ball which entered immediately below the eye and must have resulted fatally in a very short time. His badge of rank, of course, attracted attention and his body, being soon recognized by some of his former West Point comrades then fighting in the rebel army, was taken to Murfreesboro and treated with as much respect as circumstances permitted. It was found there on our entrance to the town after the battle and sent by ambulance to Nashville, where it was placed in the hands of an undertaker. It was then taken to Chillicothe by a guard of honor, receiving distinguished honors in Cincinnati on its passage through that city.

The funeral was from the First Presbyterian church and was attended by an immense concourse of people, many of whom had known him in his boyhood and were proud to thus honor him who had so honored them.

And now, after a lapse of twenty-five years, we gather once more around the grave to which we on that day consigned his lifeless body. We gather, not as we did then, in fear that the sacrifice was an useless one—that the young life had been laid on the altar of a disrupted country—but reverently and thankfully we come to honor him and his comrades who restored to us the Union of our fathers and made our country once more a nation of one people and of one flag. The turf which covers his grave grows green today and the flowers, which rest so lightly upon the waving grass, can ask for no more fitting place to exhale their fragrance than on this grave of the modest, pure and Christian soldier.

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CHAPTER VIII.

INCIDENTS OF THE BATTLE OF PERRYVILLE.—WOUNDING AND CAPTURE OF COL. MOORE.—33D OHIO.—FORMATION OF ARMY OF THE CUMBERLAND.—EXPEDITION TO ROBERTSON COUNTY TENN.—ADVANCE ON MURFREESBORO.

A DESCRIPTION of a battle is in nearly every case an impossibility for any one person to give. Where there are many troops engaged or in a wooded or uneven country, a correct account can only be given by consulting the official reports of subordinate officers, and as each one describes the particular part in which his troops were engaged the general commanding or the historian arrives at the true history of the battle.

The ground on which the battle of Perryville was fought was not favorable to a perfect view of the engagement and as this volume is only intended to give scenes and incidents which came under the writer's personal observation, its reader must be content with the imperfect account of the unfortunate battle which was given in my last. I say unfortunate because the results were not at all commensurate with the fearful loss of life sustained. The general commanding was not aware that the fight was going on until near its conclusion, and a large part of the army was lying within sound of our guns without orders to come to our assistance. That General McCook committed a grave error in bringing on the engagement contrary to orders and then attempting to fight it out with his own corps alone, is universally admitted. His military career although brilliant in some respects, was marked by some of the gravest errors of the war and this was certainly one of them. But these are matters for more competent writers than a humble adjutant and I leave them to give a few incidents of the battle and then resume our progress with the army.

As I have said the fight was for water and it was pitiable to see the sufferings of the troops engaged. Although they had been warned of its scarcity, the day was hot and there were but few whose canteens contained more than the smallest quantity after the forenoon's march, and all springs and creeks, except those so tauntingly held by the ene-

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my in our front, were far in the rear. The labors of the engagement and the biting of cartridges added much to the thirst and it was no uncommon thing to see men whose lips were so parched from thirst and blackened with powder that they could scarcely articulate. Just before the engagement commenced the caterer for the field and staff mess came in from a foraging expedition bringing, among other articles, three canteens of whisky, an article which, although not included in our regular rations, was at all times considered a desirable addition to the supplies. As there were just three in the mess, the division was very simple and the one which fell to my share played a prominent part in the events which soon followed. No prohibitionist, whose sympathies were with the nation, could possibly have objected to the use which was made of it and many a smack of gratification was concealed by the discharge of the gun which sent a leaden messenger to the Confederacy.

But in obedience to that law of nature which evens everything up, the one which fell to the colonel was destined to give aid and comfort to the very enemy whom its fellow was thus assisting to destroy. The colonel having been wounded and falling into the hands of the enemy, was sadly in need of water. The liquid in his canteen, so highly prized a short time before, was now as gall and wormwood—water was what he craved, and although now on the right side of the creek his guards were not disposed to put themselves out of the way to minister to his comfort and to his repeated requests for a drink, either turned a deaf ear or consigned him to that region where it is generally supposed that water is an unknown element. In the extremity of his suffering a bright thought struck him. Calling one of the guards, he informed him of the nature of the contents of his canteen and proving himself a true Yank, proposed a trade—whisky for water. It is needless to say that "Johnnie" accepted. He knew a good thing as well as a Yank and soon the parched lips of the colonel were cooled by the grateful water and the cool lips of the guard were parched by the gurgling *commissary*; which goes to show that no matter whether in the "blue or the gray" human nature is the same and at times everybody likes a change. Of course the other guard "stood in," and then the stragglers "caught on," and soon the colonel was likely to be deluged in the water which was tendered him. Fortunately, Colonel Savage, of Tennessee, commanding the brigade into whose hands he had fallen, having been informed that an old fellow member of Congress was his prisoner, sent orders for his kind treatment and as soon as the battle was over came himself and providing an ambulance, had him removed

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to Harrodsburg, where he could be more comfortably situated. The colonel afterward told me of one of those pleasing incidents occurring which gave even a prisoner's fate a pleasant tinge.

As he lay on a porch among the many wounded Confederates who had been brought to that place, a little girl cautiously approached and in low tones asked if he was a Union soldier. On his replying in the affirmative she went away and soon returned with some delicacies, which were accompanied by words of sympathy from her "mamma," who, she said, was a Union lady, but compelled to be very cautious in thus ministering to his needs.

With the coming of night the battle ceased, and the moving of troops and placing them in position indicated that it would be resumed the next morning, but daylight revealed to us that the enemy had withdrawn and it is needless to say that, to those of us who had been engaged, this news was a relief. But this feeling was more than counter balanced by a realization of the losses sustained. Of the 33d., which went into action with four hundred men, twenty-five lay dead upon the field, while more than one hundred were wounded, many mortally and many severely. The other regiments of the brigade and division had suffered equally with us and this first experience in a general battle was indeed a severe one. But there was no time for sentiment and the next day in a falling rain our dead comrades were buried and on the day succeeding that we were started in pursuit of the retreating enemy. For several days this was continued until after passing through Crab Orchard, it became apparent that the pursuit was useless and our course was changed toward Nashville. It was about this time that General Buell was removed and the Army of the Ohio ceased to be an organization. But in its place a new one came, one that was destined to take a prominent part in the events to follow and whose heroic deeds will live as long as history lives. On the 2d. day of November, 1862, at Bowling Green, Ky., General W. S. Rosecrans personally assumed command of the Army of the Cumberland and started it on that career which was afterward destined to become so famous. His right and left wings were commanded respectively by Generals McCook and Crittenden, while General Geo. H. Thomas was placed in the center. Rousseau's division was placed under Thomas and this was the commencement of our service under the immediate command of that grand old hero.

In a short time the army advanced to Nashville with the exception of General Thomas' corps which was left at Gallatin and other

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points to complete and protect the railroad and hasten the transportation of supplies. Rousseau's division was posted at Edgefield Junction, where it remained until near the time when General Rosecrans was ready to make his advance in force. It was while lying here that on one occasion the 2d. and 33d. were detailed to guard a wagon train which was going to Robertson county for a load of flour. Our folks had seized a mill there and the neighborhood being well supplied with wheat, were running it for account of "Uncle Sam." Robertson county is to Tennessee what Bourbon county is to Kentucky and its main product has a famous reputation throughout the entire South. Having reached there we camped within sight of seven distilleries and of course the boys were soon exploring. The proprieter of one of these institutions, with an eye to business, soon caused it to be known that Confederate money was to him as good as gold and that it would be recieved in unlimited quantities for the product of his still. Fortunately our fellows were loaded down with what was known as *fac simile* money—an exact imitation of the Confederate bills—printed in the North in large quantities, and this was soon brought into requisition and a brisk trade established. A five dollar *fac simile* filled a canteen and when we moved out in the morning a drink of *water* was scarcely to be had in either regiment. At one time on the march, while halted for rest, Captain Sarratt of the 2d. and myself went into a house where we found only an old man at home. To our inquiries if he had anything to eat which we could purchase, he replied that he was entirely without provision of any kind. There was a clock on the mantel which seemed out of order and the captain, being a jeweler, went to fixing it. While so employed a colored woman beckoned me out and conducted me to an outbuilding where she displayed an elegant layout of corn bread and milk, to which the captain, having repaired the clock, soon assisted me in doing full justice. While eating the woman pointed out a house to be seen in the distance and said that if we were over there we could get *plenty* to eat, for only the day before she had been there assisting in slaughtering hogs. She gave us the man's name and said that when the hogs were slaughtered and hung up to cool he had expressed a regret that each particular hog was not a "d——d Yankee." We quartered that night in a small village—Springfield I think—and soon after an orderly came for me to report to provost headquarters. The genial Captain Warnock of the 2d, was in command there and having made a seizure of some "Robertson county" of mature age, was desirous of sharing it with an appreciative comrade. While discussing its merits a citizen came in asking for

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a pass through our lines to his home. He told a pitiful story of his wife's illness and of his having come to town for medicine for her, and assured us in the strongest terms of his loyalty to the Union. An order was given to the sergeant to fill him out a pass, but when he came to give his name I discovered that it was the man who had been killing the hogs and quietly informed the captain of the circumstance. To any one who ever knew Captain Warnock it is needless to picture the dynamitic explosion which followed. The order for the pass was countermanded and the man certainly remained in town for that night at least.

On the 22d. of December we were moved to Nashville. On the 26th. the campaign against our old enemy General Bragg commenced and after much maneuvering and skirmishing, we found ourselves on the night of the 30th inst. in line of battle on Stone's river, near Murfreesboro, with the entire force of his army opposed to us in our front.

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CHAPTER. IX.

THE BATTLE OF STONE'S RIVER.—IN THE CEDARS.—FIRST REPULSE OF THE REBELS.—GEN. HAZEN.—HUNGRY SOLDIERS.—GEN. BRAGG'S RETREAT.

To the recruit the reserve of an army has the appearance of being a soft thing, but to the veteran it is anything but a desirable position. He knows that wherever there is a panic or broken line, a sharp attack or stubborn resistance, there is the place for the reserve and even if it is not called into action it is constantly kept in a state of suspense or alarm by the harrowing tales of disaster and defeat, which are brought from the front by demoralized stragglers. At the front the soldier is too much engaged and interested to give attention to anything but the business in hand and if disaster comes. he sees it as it is, and not as it is magnified by the terrors of the coward.

Rousseau's division was the reserve of Thomas' corps in the battle of Stone's river, now about to take place, and was given position on the Nashville and Murfreesboro turnpike, a mile or more in rear of the main line of battle. It stood there massed in column in a drizzling rain from before daylight on the morning of Dec. 31, 1862, until about 8 a. m., about which time aides and orderlies were seen to hurriedly arrive and soon it was marching by the flank to the front. In a little while stragglers were met fleeing to the rear and then were heard rumors of disaster on our right. General Sill was killed! Willich was captured and McCook's entire corps was routed! Such news was not calculated to inspire the advancing troops with much enthusiasm and the roar of musketry and heavy cannonading now going on in our immediate front would probably have had a chilling effect on inexperienced troops, but the old Mitchel division was again to prove itself worthy both of its former commander and the one who now rode so gallantly at its head. A cedar wood to our right seemed to be the scene of action just then and as we left the pike and formed in line of battle, we were soon in it, and right royally were we welcomed. Solid shot and shell came rushing through the trees and although no enemy was in

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sight, we had full assurance that they were aware of our presence and were doing their level best to entertain us. In a short time Colonel Loomis, of the artillery, dashed up shouting in his deep voice, which made itself heard even in that terrible din, "I want the 2d. and 33d. Ohio to support my battery." "By whose orders?" enquired Maj. Ellis, commanding the 33d. "By orders of Maj. Gen. Rousseau, by G—d," was the reply. "By the left flank, march!" and we leave the wood and are placed on the turnpike, lying down so as to be protected in a small degree by the road, while on slightly elevated ground in our rear are placed the batteries of Loomis and Guenther, twelve guns in all. The fire of the enemy still reaches us and as we lie there a man is occasionally struck by a stray minnie, and spent cannon balls go rolling along the turnpike. Col. John Kell, of the 2d, while standing with his arm upon his horse, is seen to fall mortally wounded and the fine thorough-bred from which Maj. Ellis has just dismounted quivers and is dead in its tracks, But soon our comrades whom we left are seen coming hurriedly from the cedars, in retiring from which they had to cut through the enemy, who had obtained position in their rear, and now they form a temporary line along a depression in the open ground. In a few moments the rebel hosts came into full view as they leave the wood. Column after column appears with banners flying and as they move forward it looks as if there was no withstanding their advance. But now the troops which had been posted to receive them open fire at short range. The batteries in our rear, double shotted with grape and canister, rapidly belch forth their contents over our heads and with each discharge make such havoc in the rebel ranks that they are forced to retire. In the wood they are reinforced with fresh troops and again they come as boldly and defiantly as before, only to receive the same bloody repulse. Again and yet again they appear but each time with the same result and the first check of the day has been given to the foe which had hitherto marched at will and driven the Union forces before it. Such a display of heroism as they gave here was worthy of continued success, for never came troops more gallantly into action and never was an unworthy cause more bravely upheld, as the open ground strewn with the corpses of their dead and the mangled bodies of their wounded bore witness.

A small clump of bushes which apparently offered protection, but in reality gave none, was filled with dead who had rushed there to escape the iron and leaden hail which was cutting them

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down and it was here Lieutenant Col. Anson G. McCook, of the Second gallantly rode forward and captured one of the rebel banners. But the victory was not a bloodless one. Our loss fell most heavily upon the brigade of regulars of Rousseau's division under Col. Shepherd, which sustained a loss in killed and wounded of over six hundred, out of a force of fifteen hundred; and the other brigades commanded by Cols. Scribner and John Beatty both sustained heavy losses. A particularly distressing loss was that of Lieutenants Chambers and Van Horn, of the Second, who were killed by grape shot from our own batteries while firing over our heads.

While lying here a force immediately to our left under General Hazen was heavily attacked and it gives me pleasure to bear witness to the gallantry with which that brave officer bore himself. In a trial before a court-martial a few years since he was charged with cowardice in this battle. If such be cowardice well might we wish for more of it in our army, for while trees were being riven with solid shot and shell, and men were falling on every side, Gen. Hazen stood with sword in hand, directing and encouraging his men in such a way as to attract my attention and cause me to enquire his name. A monument to "the dead of Hazen's brigade" today marks the spot where more than fifty of his gallant men lost their lives in repelling one of the fiercest attacks of this bloody battle.

After this there was a lull for awhile and our position was changed to one facing Murfreesboro. While lying here General Rosecrans attended by his staff came dashing up and seeing more favorable ground close by moved us to it, and saying that he expected we would soon be attacked, ordered us in that event to charge with the bayonet. His chief of staff, Col. Garesche, had just been killed by a cannon ball and a spot of blood on his cheek was said to have come from that brave officer. There was plenty more of fighting that day in which we were not engaged and in fact although the battle lasted two days longer, we were not actively in it. That night we were upon the front line, the open ground in front of us filled with dead and wounded of both armies. Ambulances and wagons were running all night and as the cries of the wounded were distinctly heard, it may be easily inferred that there was no rest for our cold and tired men. A runaway at one time caused great consternation, for besides the injury to the occu-

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pants of the vehicle, was the danger to the helpless ones lying in its path.

Before daylight we were moved to the rear where a new line was established, but the day passed without special incident to us until ust at nightfall we were again changed to a position in which we remained until the fight was over. Having gotten into position, Lieutenant Ramsey, Co. B, (now Captain Ramsey, of Washington C. H.,) and myself started on an exploring expedition in our front. We had not gone far before we met a soldier, not in regulation uniform, who in answer to our questions failed to give satisfactory answers. He was armed with a weapon somewhat resembling a sword bayonet and claimed to belong to a Missouri regiment and seemed not to know of any Union troops being near him. We took him into camp and forwarded him under guard to headquarters but never heard of him afterward and to this day are uncertain as to whether we made an important capture or not. When daylight came we found that our position was very dangerous from a gang of sharpshooters, who made it uncomfortable for any who ventured to expose themselves and several were wounded while moving about. Some of the more daring of our boys stole cautiously into the woods and were rewarded by bringing several Johnnies from the trees in which they were perched and this relieved us to some extent of the annoyance and danger to which we were exposed. Provisions were now scarce and the men actually suffering with hunger. I was never so strongly impressed with the influence which the stomach has upon a man's courage as I was on the second night of this battle. We were all lying about on the rocks and ground as despondent as men could be. After two day's hard fighting we had made no progress and the enemy was apparently as defiant as ever. Rumors were constantly reaching us of disasters in the rear and everything pointed to defeat. Officers were severely censured and it seemed that an order to retreat would be gladly welcomed. But after night rations were brought up and distributed and soon there was a change—retreat was not to be thought of—we had come to stay and "Old Rosy" was a darling. Coffee, boiled on a few coals hidden behind a rock to conceal the fire from the enemy and a piece of fat bacon cooked on a ramrod, wrought all this change and the man who had said retreat would have been summarily sat down upon. The morning of the 2d was passed without anything of special moment occurring, but in the afternoon the massing of large quantities of artillery in the open ground near our position, gave warning of events to come. Battery after battery was placed in

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position until there were fifty-eight guns massed closely together. A portion of our left wing had been thrown across the river, and these preparations were made to protect it in case of an attack. The attack came about 4 p. m. from Breckinridge's command and its advance was a splendid sight to those of us not engaged. Their banners could plainly be seen as they moved forward, forcing our men gradually back and that was rather dispiriting. But soon the tide of battle turns—the gallant Colonel Miller makes a charge which cannot be withstood—the artillery which had been massed is turned loose—the very ground trembles and through the smoke the rebel banners are to be seen falling back, and this great effort of the enemy is a failure—the last charge is made and the battle of Stone's river ended. On the 3d. both armies were yet lying opposed to each other, but at noon Bragg decided to retreat and that night his entire army with the exception of his cavalry, moved out and left us in possession of the field. A reconnoisance demonstrated this and on Sunday, the 4th inst., orders were given for the burial of the dead. This was done by laying them side by side in large trenches and it was indeed a mournful sight to see so many of our gallant comrades given the rude burial which a battlefield can only afford.

On the 5th, General Thomas' corps, preceded by Stanley's cavalry, moved into the town, which was now only occupied by such wounded as the rebels could not remove, and the point which had cost so much blood to defend and so much to obtain, was once more in possession of the Union army.

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CHAPTER X.

IN MURFREESBORO.—EXECUTION OF CITIZENS AND A DESERTER.—ARREST AND EXECUTION OF SPIES AT FRANKLIN.—TULLAHOMA CAMPAIGN.—ACROSS THE TENNESSEE INTO GEORGIA.—THE LOST BRIGADE.

THE life of a soldier has its lights and shadows. The campaign just ended, though a short one, was attended with many hardships and with the bloody scenes of the battle which closed it, might well be classed among the shadows. The lights were to follow. For nearly six long months we may be said to have enjoyed all the comfort which can fall to a soldier's lot. Our camps, located in and about Murfreesboro, were well chosen and soon became things of beauty. The cedar which grew so lavishly about the town was largely used in their adornment and the streets, on each side of which were planted stately evergreens, gave them the appearance of well laid out villages. Wagon loads of branches were hauled to furnish shade for our tents and in the hot sun of that climate we reposed in our bunks entirely sheltered from its rays, while the cool breezes blew through the tents opened wide for their passage. At General Rousseau's headquarters, a large building capable of seating several hundred persons was built entirely of cedar branches and used as a chapel, where nightly meetings were held for such as chose to attend. The commissary department of the army was soon in good working order and the sutler's tents well stocked with supplies of every description, while well filled boxes from home occasionally added their welcome presence and gave variety to the mess chests. The daily drills, with camp guard and picket duty, were just sufficient to relieve the ennui and give zest to camp life and in the evening the dress parades were given with as much attention to detail as though there were thousands of spectators. Reviews by the commanding general were of frequent occurence and on two or three occasions we had corps drills under the immediate command of General Thomas. The infantry and artillery of his command made a very considerable army of itself and it was indeed a sight worth seeing when this able soldier took it in

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hand and, with the assistance of his staff, handled it with perfect ease.

It was on one of these occasions that I saw him urge his horse to a gallop and evidently enraged at the stupidity of a captain of artillery, dash up to him and enquire, "D—n you, Captain, why don't you come into battery?" It was such an unusual thing to see him betray any emotion that it attracted general attention in the immediate neighborhood and added much to the captain's embarrassment. Both the officers and soldiers found pleasure in social intercourse and much time was spent in visiting friends in other regiments. I recall many pleasant episodes which occurred in this long period of rest, also some which were not so pleasant. Among the latter, I remember noticing one day a large crowd of soldiers congregating together and from curiosity joined them in time to witness a double execution. Two citizens of the neighborhood taking advantage of the unsettled state of the country, had been committing depredations on their neighbors, both robbing and murdering, for the little property which the war had left. As the civil law was not in operation, they were tried by military commission, found guilty as charged and their sentence of death approved by the authorities. They stood upon the scaffold protesting against the manner of their condemnation, but it was of no use and together they were swung off under the direction of the provost marshal and there were two guerillas less amongst us.

A much sadder spectacle was that of a young man who had deserted from our ranks and was taken prisoner by a band of our cavalry in a skirmish with the enemy. He was found fighting against his old comrades and a trial by court-martial fully established his guilt. As he belonged to a battery in Rousseau's division it devolved upon us to witness the execution of his sentence. On the appointed day we were all under arms and being marched to an open field were formed in three sides of an open square, around which the condemned man, seated in a cart upon a plain wooden coffin, was drawn preceded by a band playing slow music. The coffin was then placed upon the ground in full view and seated upon it blindfolded, was the unfortunate man. A file of six men, placed a short distance off, at a signal from the officer in command fired a volley and without a groan or movement of any kind he sank upon his coffin, a dead man—a warning to all of the fate of deserters.

At the village of Franklin, where Colonel Baird was in command of a small outpost, two officers presented themselves one

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day claiming to have been sent by proper authority to make an inspection of the post. They represented that on their way thither they had been captured by the Confederates and robbed of their passes and money. New passes and money were furnished them and they also secured a loan of fifty dollars. After spending a few hours at the post, they took their departure, but not before they had excited a suspicion that all was not right, which suspicion was increased to such an extent that they were followed and arrested as spies before they had passed outward through our lines. Inquiry at department headquarters established the fact that there were no such inspectors in the national service and a drum-head court-martial was ordered before which they were tried. Having confessed that they were Col. Williams and Lieut. Dunlap of the Confederate army, they were sentenced to immediate execution and were hung the following day. It was supposed by some that their object was to obtain information which would enable Forest, to whose command they belonged, to dash upon the post and capture it. But more probably, in view of the fact that Franklin was an unimportant post, they were merely upon a lark and wished to have some daring stories to tell their comrades. In either case it was a sad undertaking and met with a sad ending, for they were bright, intelligent men, closely connected with some of the leading families of the Confederacy, Colonel Williams being by marriage a near relative of Gen. Lee.

Gen. Rosecrans was much censured for his long stay at Murfreesboro, but he was preparing his army for the brilliant campaign which was to follow and although he had many sharp spats with the authorities at Washington, he bided his own time and moved only when his judgment showed him that he was as well prepared as there was a reasonable prospect of his being. The army was well content in its pleasant quarters and although the boys knew that it was necessary for them to be moving in order to accomplish their purpose, it was almost with regret that they received their marching orders. But when they came, preparations were quickly made—the camps which had been such pleasant homes were broken up—the rubbish which had accumulated was thrown aside and on the 24th. day of June, in what promised to be a settled rain, we moved out upon the road, and all the pikes leading South were thronged with our moving colums.

The "Tullahoma campaign" on which we had now entered, was

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one of the most brilliant of the war and has added much to Gen. Rosecrans' reputation as a strategist. But unfortunately to those of us engaged in it, there was but little opportunity for seeing the points of the grand strategy. The rain, which commenced falling on the morning of our departure from Murfreesboro, continued for nine days almost without intermission. We marched in it and slept in it. The roads became so heavy that our wagons were hopelessly behind and such a thing as a tent was not to be thought of. The ceremony of going into camp was dispensed with and a halt in the road, with the collection of a few fence rails and the spreading of a rubber blanket was our bivouac.

When the rain ended the campaign was over, with General Bragg nowhere in sight. There had been some skirmishing both by the cavalry and infantry—many changes of troops from one road to another—but no serious engagement. The nearest approach which our division had to a battle was at Hoover's Gap, where we had quite a skirmish and lost several men, but wherever we met the enemy he was driven with but little effort.

I remember one day, as we were plodding along in the mud, we passed a plantation on which there was a large number of slaves, who had congregated on the fences to witness the grand sight. There was suddenly heard a heavy firing of artillery in our front. Instinctively the step of the men was quickened and the word passed along the column to close up. Everybody was on the *qui vive* supposing that our advance had met the enemy and engaged him and that we, too, would soon be in the affray. It was a pleasant relief to us soon to find that it was *our* artillery alone that was making the racket and that the occasion was the news of a glorious victory at Gettysburg. This great battle had been fought and won and although its importance was not fully appreciated at the time, the result was hailed with delight and the victory of our comrades in the East duly celebrated in this appropriate style. It was soon known that Gen. Bragg had fallen back to Chattanooga and our army again went into quarters along the line of railroad from Tullahoma to Decherd, where it remained inactive until the commencement of what is now known as the Chicamauga campaign. The troops were moved over the Cumberland mountains, Rousseau's division, now under command of Gen. Baird, locating on Crow creek, near Anderson, where it remained until the commencement of the movement, when it crossed the Tennes-

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see river on pontoons, and followed Gen. Negley over Sand mountain in front of Dug Gap where he encountered the enemy in force. There were few of us who knew the extreme danger we were in at that time, but through a failure on the part of the Confederates to take advantage of the situation and by good generalship on our side, we were extricated from it and placed in a secure position at Stevens' Gap. On the 18th we moved to the left and after night came to Crawfish Springs where we found General Rosecrans himself. A member of his staff, Captain Drouillard of the regular army, who was indebted to Colonel Moore for his appointment to West Point, came to our regimental headquarters and enlightened us as to the situation, informing us that a battle was imminent at any time and could be delayed but a little while.

Although the troops were very tired they were not permitted to rest, but were on the road all night and at daylight on the morning of the 19th, Baird's division being in advance, we were halted on the Kelly farm and placed in line of battle facing toward the Chicamauga river. Brannan's division followed and was placed to our left.

While the men were preparing breakfast I noticed a group of officers in the road and going toward them found it to be General Thomas, with his staff and division commanders. Colonel Dan. McCook, of Gordon Granger's division, had been on the ground the day before and burned a bridge across the river. He was now reporting to General Thomas that a brigade of the enemy was on our side, cut off from the main army and could be easily captured. General Thomas ordered Brannan to move forward in search of this brigade and at the same time instructed Baird to throw his right wing forward so as to keep in line with Brannan. This movement was made about 9 o'clock and soon resulted in unwittingly bringing on the general engagement known in history as the battle of Chicamauga.

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CHAPTER XI.

BATTLE OF CHICAMAUGA.—DEATH OF MAJOR ELLIS, 33d. OHIO.—IN CHATTANOOGA.—CAPTURE OF LIEUTENANT POMEROY.

THE lost brigade which General Thomas had started us to search for was not long in being found. Croxton's brigade of Brannan's division not only soon found it, but several more with it, and both Brannan's and Baird's divisions had proceeded but a little distance before they were actively engaged. Scribner's brigade was on the right of the line, with its commander very anxious until an aide came and assured him that General Palmer's command, although not in sight, was protecting his right. Thus reassured he engaged the enemy with confidence and we were soon driving him before us and capturing many prisoners. From them we learned that a strong force was in our front and when we came to a field of standing corn, which obscured the view, we were halted. A great column of dust showed us that the enemy was massing in our front and to the right, while between the rows of corn his skirmishers could be seen, thus corroborating the story of the prisoners. As no supporting troops were yet visible on our right and the enemy was evidently in close proximity, General Baird was preparing to defend that part of his line, when it was fiercely attacked and King's regular brigade and Scribner's were both thrown into disorder and hurled from position. Starkweather's brigade in reserve shared the same fate and thus Baird's entire division was falling back in more or less confusion. As I was doing my share of it, in company with Captain Hinson, Co. D, 33d. Ohio, I heard something strike and his countenance immediately showed that he was wounded. Assisting him as best I could until we reached an ambulance, he was taken to the rear and this is how it came that when, at the conclusion of the war, he rode at the head of the regiment as its colonel, it was with an armless coat sleeve. The First Michigan battery, commanded by Captain Van Pelt, (its former commander Captain Loomis having been made a colonel of artillery,) had been posted a short distance in rear of the right of Scribner's brigade to which it belonged and when the attack was made on the right soon fell into the enemy's hands, but not before its gallant commander, fighting a regiment with his single saber, fighting almost as never man fought be-

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fore, died, refusing to surrender the precious guns which he loved with almost the same affection as he did the lovely wife from whom he had parted but a few days before. With a wife's constancy she had been sharing his soldier life and only when this hazardous campaign was about to be undertaken, had she consented to return to their home to await the news of the fearful struggle in which her husband was about to engage. With what crushing effect that news must have come to her, and yet how her heart must have swelled with pride as she read of the glorious manner of his death. Other troops coming up now attacked the Confederates, who were driven back in great disorder and the lost battle recovered. Generals Baird and Brannan reformed their divisions and were given a position of importance to hold, when about five o'clock in the afternoon, they were again furiously attacked but bravely repulsed the enemy. It was in this attack that the brave Colonel Durbin Ward was badly wounded.

After nightfall a sharp attack was made upon Johnson's division and Baird was sent to his assistance, but it was soon over and the troops went into bivouac on the field. The air was quite cool and as no fires were allowed and our wagons were not up, we were compelled to take blankets from the dead in order to make ourselves comfortable. My companion for the night was Major Ellis, 33d. Ohio, an officer whom I have before alluded to. A more enthnsiastic man in battle, nor a braver one, I have never met, but on this occasion he seemed despondent and expressed his opinion that we would be beaten and spoke of his never before having had such feelings in a fight. For some time we lay awake talking over the situation, but finally yielded to fatigue and slept until about 3 a. m., when we were awakened to take position in a new line which had been marked out for the day.

The left of the army covering the road to Rossville, was considered the important post in the new formation and here General Baird was placed, with the regular brigade of his division on the extreme left of the whole army. Scribner's brigade joined it on the right and as soon as were placed in position a light breast-work of logs and other material found on the ground was thrown up, which afterward proved of great service. When daylight came, coffee was made and the boys enjoyed a light breakfast and then calmly awaited the attack of the enemy. It came between eight and nine o'clock, and came with such fury that for a time the regulars wavered and had they not been reinforced by General John Beatty's brigade of Negley's division, must have been forced from their position. But this timely arrival enabled

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them to hold it until other troops, which had been ordered to their support, arrived. The attack was made by troops of Breckenridge's command assisted by Cleburne's and other divisions of the rebel army and unless the Union line had been much strengthened it certainly would have been successful, but as it was, they were repulsed after two hours hard fighting with terrible slaughter on both sides. Then a lull came to our part of the line, but the continuous roar of musketry to our right told us that heavy fighting was being done there at close quarters. Major Ellis, seeing an aide dashing by, hailed him for news of the battle. Being assured that it was progressing favorably, he stepped to the rear of the regiment and shouted in his impulsive way, "Boys, we are whipping the life out of them, whipping the life" —but the sentence was never concluded. A stray ball, or one from a sharpshooter, struck the gallant officer and the pallor of death was on his countenance as he fell. Was his despondency of the night before a presentiment? As tenderly as circumstances would permit, he was placed in a blanket and borne to the rear in charge of Lieutenant Pomeroy, who afterward reported that for a moment he revived, but only to smile as if still elated at the prospect of victory and then, amid the din of the battlefield, gave up his life for the country he loved so well. They buried him by the roadside and marked his grave, which attention afterward proved of serious consequence to the lieutenant.

After the disaster to our right, with which every reader of history is familiar, General Thomas changed his line to Horseshoe Ridge, where the great event of the day occurred, the timely arrival of Gen. Gordon Granger and the gallant Stedman, which beyond doubt saved the army from a disastrous rout. This occurred not far from our position and the roar of artillery and musketry was simply deafening. About five o'clock the troops on our right were seen to be retiring and Col. Moore's attention was called to the danger of our capture. He was conscious of it, but expressed his intention to remain in position until he had orders to vacate and this delay eventually caused the capture of many of his regiment. The order to fall back had been issued but never reached us and it was not until the enemy was upon us that we hastily retired and in falling back passed over ground which had been fought over and in which there were many dead and wounded of both sides. In this movement the regiment was badly broken up and I found myself, with only two comrades in front of some troops commanded by Gen. Willich. He ordered us

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to fall in his ranks and to our remark that it was scarcely worth while as there were only three of us, replied, "Well dat is shoost dree more, fall in." We fell in but soon heard where the main part of the regiment was and started to join it. In passing through a little ravine we came across Gen. Thomas and staff. By that time the whole army was in retreat and threatened with great danger, but the old hero was as calm as we had often seen him on parade. Dismounting from his horse, he directed an orderly to gather some corn from a field just at hand and while the horse was feeding dispatched some members of his staff with orders and conversed earnestly with Gen. Baird who had joined the group.

Not finding the regiment where we expected, we joined the retreating troops and plodded along to Rossville, where we arrived after dark, halting there until the rear guard came up and being assured there were no troops behind became very anxious for our comrades and were about to give them up as captured when one of them made his appearance with a string of canteens in search of water. He reported the regiment in bivouac about a half mile in the rear and there we found it busily engaged in cooking supper. Assuring the colonel of the great danger of his position, he gave orders for haste in the meal and was soon with the division again at Rossville. We were ordered to Chattanooga that night as guard to an ammunition train, but after going about half the distance were ordered back again and thus deprived of a night of much needed rest. We halted and stacked arms in the middle of the road and remained there all of the next day, but at night were placed in position on Missionary Ridge, with the enemy in close proximity. About 3 a. m. we received orders to quietly move out, which we did and arrived at Chattanooga about 8 o'clock as the rear guard of the entire army.

The greatest confusion existed in the place, which was filled to overflowing with demoralized men, horses, mules and wagons, and if Bragg had only been active in pursuit, the broad Tennessee which flowed around the town, and over which there was but one frail pontoon bridge, would certainly have received the greater part of the army. But Bragg had been in a fight and his men were as willing to quit as we were. Longstreet, with his veterans, had discovered that it was no picnic to which they had been sent and that these men of the west were as capable of giving blows as the army to which they had been opposed in Virginia. And so it was that we

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were left unmolested until the fortifications, which grew so fast, restored our confidence and in two days time the Army of the Cumberland was as defiant as ever and Chattanooga was placed beyond the possibility of capture by direct attack. But while we were working as beavers to make our position secure, Bragg moved up and quietly took possession of Missionary Ridge and Lookout Mountain, thus threatening us from the front and cutting off river communication with our base of supplies and rendering our possession of the place not only insecure but suggesting the question, "What are we going to do with it?"

On our arrival at Chattanooga Lieutenant Pomeroy asked permission from the colonel to return to the battlefield and secure possession of the body of Major Ellis, whose grave he had marked that he might recognize it. The colonel, knowing the almost certainty of his being captured, was not disposed to give the permission, but the lieutenant was so persuasive and so confident that he finally yielded and provided him with an ambulance. A soldier whose name I am sorry to have forgotten, volunteered as driver and thus equipped he passed through our lines. They had not proceeded far before they were picked up and taken before a confederate general officer, to whom the lieutenant represented himself as a surgeon and stated his errand. His appearance was well calculated to sustain the character assumed. Of rather tall, slender build and wearing glasses, which added somewhat to his naturally intellectual countenance, his story seemed a plausible one—so much so that, after making a prisoner of the driver and confiscating the ambulance and mules, he was placed in a hospital to assist in caring for the wounded.

He managed to sustain his assumed character in this trying place and in a few weeks was forwarded to Richmond, where, as surgeons were not held as prisoners of war, he was released and returned to his command—soon, alas, to meet the fate of the friend for whom he had been willing to sacrifice his liberty.

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CHAPTER XII.

AT CHATTANOOGA.—REMOVAL OF GENERAL ROSECRANS.—BROWN'S FERRY.—BATTLE OF LOOKOUT MOUNTAIN.—ADVANCE ON MISSIONARY RIDGE.

THE fronts of both armies were now heavily picketed and that duty was a dangerous one, until by mutual understanding friendly relations were arrived at and then it was rather pleasant. There was something quite attractive in sitting on the bank of Chattanooga creek with a deadly enemy on the opposite side only a few yards distant, with whom we were engaged in pleasant conversation or in exchanging little commodities and the soldiers of both sides seemed to enjoy it. Not unfrequently a Confederate, taking advantage of the darkness, would come over and yield himself a prisoner and I remember on one occasion of a rebel major wishing to enter into negotiations for the surrender of the entire picket force of which he was in command. But treachery was feared and we confined ourselves to receiving them singly or in squads and scarcely a night passed without more or less coming into our lines. Every morning when our pickets would be relieved, the returning ones would bring tales from the rebels that we would surely be attacked that day, but this got to be a chestnut and although we could see that they were establishiug batteries on Lookout Mountain and Missionary Ridge, the days passed without any demonstrations whatever. Our fortifications had advanced to such a stage that we felt quite secure from any attack which might be made and as for the batteries, we thought the distance was so great that they would not prove of serious trouble. Our regiment was encamped in front of our works and when one afternoon, after having been especially warned that morning, the sound of a gun was heard for the first time since the battle of Chickamauga and a shell was seen to burst in the air far in our front, there was a cheer all along the line; "they couldn't reach us!" Another one came, this time a little closer but still far out of reach—another cheer—"a pure waste of ammunition." But now a sound as of a larger gun, and a heavy shell with its fiery, hissing fuse comes toward us—over our heads it goes and lands, in General Rousseau's headquarters. No cheer this time! A surprised look is on all our faces but there is nothing to

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do but stand and take it. The bombardment was kept up all the afternoon, but I believe there were no casualties, and we were right after all—"it was a waste of ammunition." As evening approached and some time after firing had ceased, a group of officers standing near regimental headquarters were startled by hearing a shell whistling through the air, although none of them had heard the sound of a gun. Hastily making an obeisance to their unannounced visitor, it passed closely over their heads and buried itself in the ground only a few feet from them, fortunately not exploding.

This sort of business was kept up for some time, occasionally varied by a dropping shot from Lookout, but General Bragg was relying more upon his operations in our rear than at the front. His guns on Lookout prevented river navigation, so that our supplies had to be hauled by wagons from Bridgeport by a road several times longer than the actual distance between that point and Chattanooga. This road was soon in an almost impassable state and the large wagon trains sent for provisions would scarcely return with enough forage for the animals drawing them. The rebel cavalry was also hovering around and many trains were completely destroyed and their guards and mules captured. In consequence of all this, matters at Chattanooga were decidedly blue and the army fast approaching a stage when something must be done to relieve it. At this juncture General Rosecrans was relieved, and General Thomas given command of the Army of the Cummberland. A new department was formed over which General Grant was placed in charge, and he himself was soon on the ground. Just before his coming a scheme had been organized for the capture of the rebel guards at Brown's ferry, seven miles below Chattanooga. After looking over the ground he approved of it and a detail of troops under General Hazen successfully carried it out. These troops were not, the regular command of Hazen, but consisted of men of different regiments selected for their knowledge of boating. The 33d. Ohio, having several companies formed at different points on the Ohio river, contributed quite a number and among the few casualties of the expedition, two of its members, Private Pierce, Co. B, and another whose name I have forgotten, were killed.

These reminiscences would not be complete without some reference to the starvation times in Chattanooga, but to those comrades who were there it is not necessary to stimulate their recollection. Sorry times they were when men with the stamp of hunger on their faces went prowling through the camps searching for bones on which

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some semblance of meat still remained and who lay down at night with that hungry feeling which they now experienced for the first time in their lives. Not the hunger which is welcomed when we know that a good meal awaits us, but that despairing hunger which gnaws and sees no prospect of satisfaction. But with it all there was no serious grumbling and our brave old commander only voiced the feelings of the entire army when he telegraphed General Grant that "we will hold the town until we starve."

The success at Brown's ferry proved of inestimable value to the army and with the coming of the 11th. and 12th. corps' under General Hooker, from the Army of the Potomac, put an entirely new phase on affairs. Our brigade had in the meantime been placed under General W. P. Carlin, General R. W. Johnson of Kentucky, commanding the division, both regular army officers, and was now encamped on Cameron Hill, a delightful situation overlooking the Tennessee river. While here we were awakened one night by the sound of a terrible fire of artillery and musketry from down the river and every one turned out to listen to what we knew must be a night attack of large proportions. Next day we learned that a portion of Hooker's command had been fiercely assailed and that the battle of Wauhatchie had been fought and Colonel Orland Smith's brigade, in which were our friends of the 73d. Ohio, had covered itself with glory.

It was not long before matters assumed such a shape that it was easy to be seen that business was intended. Our pickets were now ordered to go on duty with three days cooked rations and one hundred rounds of ammunition, which evidently foreshadowed an engagement. We know now that General Grant's plans were disarranged on more than one occasion and that the battle was intended to be fought on the 21st. and again on the 22d. of November, but we had no such knowledge then and went according to orders prepared to fight at any moment. At last, on the morning of the 23d., soon after midnight, we were ordered out and placed in the trenches of our fortifications where we remained the entire day and during the momentous events which occurred in the afternoon, resulting in the capture of Orchard Knob. Beyond a vague idea that the noise of battle which we heard on the left had resulted to our advantage, we were not aware of the nature of the success and were in perfect ignorance as to future movements. Daylight of the 24th found us enjoying a drizzling rain which had commenced a few hours before. As the morning advanced the rain ceased and when about 9 o'clock we were

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taken out of the works and stationed on the level ground in front of the town, there was none falling, but a mist obscured the view and prevented our seeing the heavy movements of troops going on to our left. Soon the sound of artillery and musketry was heard from beyond Lookout Mountain and it was rumored that Hooker was attacking the rebel force on that stronghold. Nearer it came and the mist having cleared away sufficiently, we soon saw the Confederates falling back and seeking security in the rifle pits which had been dug on the nose of ihe mountain. But there was no security there, for "Fighting Joe" was abroad that day and as the stars and stripes came gaily in sight, a cheer arose from our ranks and the discomfited foe could be seen again falling back to yet another line of works. Here they made quite a stand and General Hooker rested his tired men. Carlin's brigade was the right of the entire army as now formed, with the 33d. Ohio as *its* right. As we thus stood at arms, with an occasional shell from the mountain dropping in our ranks, General Thomas came about 3 p. m. and, having closely examined the mountain with his glass, ordered a battery brought up, which proceeded to shell the woods on the mountain side vigorously for an hour or more, for the purpose of driving out any enemy who might be concealed there. While this was going on some old boats had been procured and placed in Chattanooga creek in such a way that troops could pass on them and General Carlin was ordered to cross with his brigade and ascend the mountain to General Hooker's assistance. Soon we were on the mountain's side, which was so steep that the men had to cling to bushes and hold on to the rocks to maintain their foothold, but about half way up a road was found and in this the troops were formed and, with General Carlin on foot at our head, we moved in the direction of Hooker's men. It was not long before we came upon the gallant general himself, who with his staff, had halted in the road and I shall never forget his soldierly appearance as he sat upon his horse when we first came in view. I had never seen him before and although his rubber coat concealed his badge of rank, there was no difficulty in recognizing him as the one in command. General Carlin reported to him for orders and was instructed to proceed further and report to General Geary.

General Hooker expressed himself as grateful for the assistance, saying that his men were very tired, adding in an energetic way, "We have fought for every foot of this mountain, and by G—d we intend to hold it." We found General Geary, who had bivouacked by the side of the road, and as night was now falling we were hurriedly placed in the positions of his troops who were glad to be thus relieved.

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Our line extended from the road to the palisades at the top of the mountain and our regiment was placed along these palisades so as to enfilade the enemy in case of attack. Everything was quiet until about 11 o'clock when a sharp attack was made on us to conceal the evacuation of the top of the mountain, which was then going on and the flashes of the guns in the darkness was a beautiful sight to those in position to enjoy it. There were several casualties, among them the wounding of Captain Warnock of the 2d. Ohio, who, as he was borne from the field, made the very rocks resound with his expressions of opinion regarding our adversaries, which, if heard by them, were certainly not regarded as complimentary. This attack lasted for probably two hours and ended the events of the day. Early in the morning of the 25th. some venturesome soldiers of the 8th Kentucky managed to ascend to the top of the mountain and as soon as the mist cleared sufficiently, the stars and stripes were seen floating to the breeze and the whole army knew that the stronghold had fallen. About 9 a. m. our brigade was formed in line of battle and marched along the side of the mountain without finding any enemy, save those who had fallen the night before and now lay ghastly corpses among the rocks where they had sought shelter.

Following the road we came into the valley and were again united with our division. We felt quite elated and were disposed to put on a few airs because of the victory in which we had participated the day before, commiserating our comrades who had not been so fortunate, and when after lying around loose all the forenoon, the bugles sounded and we were formed as a division in a small clump of woods, were quite inclined to think that it was a demonstration in honor of those gallant regiments who could now inscribe "Lookout Mountain" on their banners. But a suspicious gun sounds, very like a signal gun—another and another until six are heard. "Forward," is now the word. Out from the shelter of the woods we move into the open field and all visions of a triumphant parade are ended. A heavy fire is opened on us from Missionary Ridge. Men are falling around us and almost before we are aware of it, we are in the deserted rebel works at the foot of the ridge, the right of the entire Union army.

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CHAPTER XIII.

BATTLE OF MISSIONARY RIDGE.—PURSUIT TO RINGGOLD.—A LOST BREAKFAST.—RETURN TO CHATTANOOGA.—VETERAN RE-ENLISTMENT.—START FOR HOME.—SCENES AT NASHVILLE.—CONTRABANDS AT LOUISVILLE.—ARRIVAL AT CINCINNATI AND CAMP DENNISON.—RETURN TO THE FRONT.—ADVANCE ON GEN. JOE JOHNSTON.—BUZZARD'S ROOST.—SNAKE CREEK GAP.—SKIRMISHING AT RESACA.

MY last communication left us lying in the fortifications which the rebels had thrown up for their own protection at the foot of Missionary Ridge. During the action of yesterday these works had been hastily vacated and were now protecting *us*. As I said before we were in them almost before we were aware of it and were wondering what all this meant, but the surroundings were not very favorable to a calm consideration of the subject. From the top of the ridge where the enemy had his strongest fortifications, from the side of the ridge where rifle pits had been dug and from the end of his line, which being longer then ours, enabled him to give us an enfilading fire, came a shower of shot and shell which it seemed madness to brave. But General Carlin, generally so listless and apathetic, now seemed to be actually reveling in the scene about him and with flashing eyes passed rapidly along the line giving the command to charge, Discipline, a soldier's pride, grit or something, took us over into what seemed certain death and the carnage was fearful. Some small huts, built by the rebels, seemingly offered protection but gave none and hither some of the men centered, seeking shelter from the storm which raged around them. But brave Lieut. Colonel Montgomery, of the 33d. Ohio, rushing among them, sword in hand, forced them to join the main column, now rapidly ascending the ridge. A little more than half way up a company of rebels arose from the rifle pits in which they had been concealed with their butternut clothing reminding one of a covey of quails which had been come upon suddenly. Poor fellows! But few of them reached the top, for in an instant we were upon and over them and those who were not killed or wounded found themselves cut off from their friends and were prisoners of war. Pressing on we soon reached the top, not to find a defi-

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ant army, but away off in the woods and fields of the hills and valleys in front of us were masses of straggling men striving to make their escape, while others were hurriedly coming toward us, throwing down their arms in token of surrender. Colonel A. G. McCook of the 2d. Ohio was especially active in receiving the prisoners and when one old fellow on horseback, with a fur collar to his coat, came riding up, he scented big game and rushed to demand his sword. But a nearer view, which showed the old fellow's face wreathed in smiles, made him hesitate and when he was saluted with, "Ah, colonel, this is glorious!" he was sure there was a mistake somewhere. It was General Osterhaus, who had been with Hooker and got there too late to engage in the battle!

And now the great battle of Missionary Ridge was over, a page had been written in the history of our country which will never be effaced and we, the victors, had full possession where but a short time before our enemies had lain in waiting for our surrender. But at what a cost! All around us lay the dead and wounded of both armies and ambulances were being driven about, hurriedly collecting their loads for the hospitals. I remember one wounded Confederate who was lying on the ground where we bivouacked for the night. He was an intelligent man, a member of a Tennessee regiment and of course was extremely anxious about his wound, which was a dangerous one. Some of us interested ourselves and secured him a place in an ambulance in advance of his turn, for which he was very grateful, but we never heard of him afterward. I hope he recovered. Early in the morning we moved out in pursuit of the fleeing enemy and marched to Graysville, having ample evidence of the haste in which he was retreating. As we were moving through a dense wood after night we heard shouts as of persons urging horses and a detail being sent out discovered a rebel battery, which was mired in the heavy road on which it was moving. Our men, guided by the sound, soon had it in charge, and guns, men and horses were joined to the Union ranks.

The army under General Bragg made a stand at Ringgold, where we found them next morning hotly attacked by Hooker, who had followed on a different road from us. They had a strong position and Hooker's loss was quite severe, without accomplishing any thing. We were engaged for a short time but orders were received to stop the pursuit and return to Chattanooga. Ringgold was the point near where the celebrated Andrews raiders had been captured and for that reason is, I suppose, firmly fixed in their memories. It is also closely associated with a cer-

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tain event in my life which occurred there and will never be forgotten. My readers will remember the *provisional* straits to which we had been reduced in Chattanooga. After the Brown's ferry business these had been relieved somewhat, but only as regarded the necessaries of life. But now the embargo was removed and we were in the country which, although it had been pretty well foraged over, still gave evidence of the possession of many delicacies dear to a soldier's stomach. Our cook was an artist in his line, if ever there was one, and his culinary skill was fully equaled by his foraging capacity. As a skirmisher he was a success and in direct attack he seldom failed. In this instance an iron pot and a plump pullet, or what had once been a pullet, were the trophies of his prowess and a fine stew, which he knew so well how to prepare, was promised us for our morning meal. When we retired we left him sitting by the camp-fire on which the pot was bubbling away, already sending out fragrant odors from the mess within, but, alas! like an unfaithful soldier, he slept upon his post! When he awoke the fire was there, but that was all— pot and pullet had vanished. Hurriedly he awoke us, but search was unavailing and we returned to our blankets to dream of chanticleers perched high above our reach, while Henry—Henry Bond was his name—awaited the coming of daylight to steal out and steal some more.

As we neared Chattanooga on our return it suddenly turned very cold and I was sent ahead to have fires in readiness for the comfort of the men on their arrival at camp. These sudden changes are frequent in that climate, but the one which will be especially remembered, was the "cold New Year," of that winter, which produced such terrible loss of life among the horses and mules of the army. It was a day long to be remembered, not only by the soldiers in the field, but by the citizens of the North, where, of course, the cold was more severe.

But now came the order from the war department authorizing and encouraging enlistments as veterans. At first it was not received with much favor, but as the immediate furlough clause was discussed and thought over, it gained friends and papers were circulated for signatures. When one signed, his influence was exerted on others, and in a few days after its first agitation a sufficient number was secured to authorize our muster as a veteran regiment.

And now for home!—home from which we had been absent so

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more than two years. Letters from loving friends had told us of many changes which had occurred there and now we were going back to realize them. Yes, the boys, the husbands and fathers, the lovers were going back. The youths of the regiment had grown to be men, the men had aged in looks and the experiences of soldier's life had impressed themselves upon their countenances, but they were all boys again for the once and it was with difficulty they could wait uutil the preliminaries were settled. But at last all was in readiness and as our train moved from Chattanooga it carried as happy a set of mortals as the sun ever shone upon. A few days were spent in Nashville, where we received pay and this consummated our happiness, but in one respect came very near proving a detriment. The sirens of College street had many a song to sing to these soldiers with full pockets and in some instances the music was so attractive that it was hard to prevail on them to resume their journey. A provost guard, however, with unsympathetic bayonets, succeeded in most instances in releasing the soldiers from their temporary brides, who followed them to the very car door, breathing vows of constancy—so long as they had a cent. But as some of the old boys who are reading this may be married and settled down, with possibly their wives glancing over their shoulder as they read of their old campaigns, it may be as well to pass over this part of our journey, and leave those events with the untold incidents of the war.

At Louisville we were met by an unforeseen difficulty. In our campaigning nearly every company had picked up one or more contrabands, which they had used as cooks either for officers or messes of enlisted men. But here we were met by an order that these servants were not to be allowed to cross the Ohio river. In most cases the unprotected situation of these poor creatures had inspired a feeling of pity toward them which had ended in strong attachments. This feeling was increased when we saw the poor fellows who had looked forward to this moment for so many years; who had sympathized with us in our struggles, which they instinctively felt would be of benefit to themselves—who had longed for the coming of "Massa Linkum's" armies and had braved many dangers to be with them—who were at last in very sight of the promised land and were now to have the hopes of a lifetime rudely dispelled at the very moment of their fruition.

It seems strange now that such a state of affairs could have existed at that stage of the war, yet so it was and the authorities seemed de-

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termined to enforce the order. As the matter was agitated among the soldiers there came an equally determined feeling to stand by the objects of this dispute, who, with fear and trembling, awaited the issue. Aa a result, when we were marched to the ferry-boat, a cordon of guns surrounded each darkey and the provost, seeing the determined looks of the men, overlooked the contrabands and they were soon free men on Indiana soil.

The O. & M. road soon brought us to Cincinnati, where we felt almost at home. The boys were feeling exceptionally good when they arrived there and I never saw them make a finer appearance than they did in their parade from the depot. As they marched up the hill on Vine street from Pearl to Fourth I turned on my horse and felt proud of their military appearance. They walked with that swing which is peculiar to veteran soldiers and their brightly polished guns gleamed in the sun as they rose and fell, in keeping with the step, with the regularity of the ocean's waves. They attracted much attention, although the sight of marching soldiers was such a common one at that time and as their thinned ranks and bronzed appearance told of the hard service they had seen, many a passerby stopped and gave us kindly greeting. After breaking ranks the many attentions received from kind citizens showed us that our services were appreciated. At Camp Dennison we were dismissed to our homes and each went to the royal welcome everywhere extended us.

As my province is only to relate the military adventures which befell us I leave to each of my readers the recalling of those pleasant days and come to the time when, once more united as a regiment, we, by rail and steamer, are transported into "Dixie's land," and again arrive at Nashville on our way to join our comrades still at Chattanooga. As the railroad was being used to its utmost capacity in accumulating rations at the front in readiness for a forward movement, we received orders to march through, which we did by easy stages and on our arrival were stationed at Graysville, Ga., a short distance south of Chattanooga, where we did duty for several weeks as an outpost of the army, guarding one of the gaps in the mountains.

Among the changes which had occurred was that of the army in that department now being under command of General Sherman, a very important change and one which led to great results. It was not long after our return until there were symptons of a movement

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and on the 3d of May, the 14th corps was concentrated at Ringgold, where we remained until the 7th, when we moved on Tunnel Hill.

The night before this movement was one long to be remembered. As far as the eye could reach great fires were burning, bands were playing, men were shouting and singing and everything betokened events of importance. Officers from different regiments met in sutler's tents and as they drank to the success of the cause, exchanged photographs and confidences and, in many instances, entrusted messages of grave import to be given friends in the North in case of their fall; for we were about to engage in what we all knew was a desperate struggle, and one in which many of us were sure to meet a soldier's fate.

The next morning found us on the road and after moving slowly and cautiously, with the enemy constantly in our front, we found ourselves on the 8th inst, in front of Buzzard's Roost, certainly one of the most formidable positions occupied by any troops during the whole war. A narrow gap in the mountain in which the waters of a small stream had been confined and on each side of which the mountain had been strongly fortified, was, when defended by such a force as now occupied it, an impregnable position and made the stoutest heart quail at the mention of assault. Carlin's brigade at one time was sent on the top of the mountain on the west side, where they had a skirmish with the enemy, but beyond that we were not engaged and on the 12th joined the remainder of the corps in the movement through Snake Creek Gap. A line of battle was formed on the 13th, which it was found necessary to change on the 14th, and in swinging around, Gen. Johnson's division was made a pivot and it was not long before we were engaged with the skirmishers of the enemy. As we marched through a heavy woods, a halt was made and regimental commanders ordered to brigade heaquarters. Lieut. Col. Montgomery, in command of the 33d, on his return, told me that when we arrived at the top of the hill, on the side of which we then were, the enemy would be in our immediate front, and that a general charge was to be made by the entire line. In a few moments came the order to advance, and soon we were on top of the hill with the enemy before us, according to program.

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CHAPTER XIV.

BATTLE OF RESACA.—IN A CLOSE PLACE.—SACRIFICE OF PRIVATE HURLEY.—DEATH OF CAPTAIN MCKAIN AND LIEUTENANT HIGBY, 33d O V. I.—IN THE FIELD HOSPITAL.—THROUGH GEORGIA TO KENESAW MOUNTAIN.—A SERMON AT THE FRONT.

THE battle of Resaca, on which we were now about to enter, was the first opportunity we had had of meeting the enemy on anything like fair terms. The strong position at Buzzard's Roost effectually precluded all idea of attack there and now by the strategic move of approaching through Snake Creek Gap we were in much better position, although in looking from the brow of the hill spoken of in our last we could plainly see, beyond a large field covered with dead trees, the strong fortifications of the enemy. If we had been given time, the utter hopelessness of an attack on these works would have been apparent, but we were only halted for a moment to adjust our line and then the order for an advance was given. Immediately at the foot of the hill, the descent of which was steep and abrupt, there ran a small stream which neccessarily broke our line more or less in crossing and it was here that we first began to observe the little puffs of blue smoke, which foretold the approach of the minnie balls which now commenced to whistle around our heads. Soon the artillery opened and men began to fall and now it became apparent that Carlin's brigade was the only one engaged in the assault. The lines which should have been on our left were not there and our thin column, not so long as an ordinary regiment, was the only one charging these miles of rebel fortifications. Somebody had blundered and now the men were falling faster. A dry ditch which ran through the field, was seized upon for protection by those most advanced in the attack, while the main body, seeing the mistake which had been made, fell back to the base of the hill where they halted and threw up light breastworks.

This arrangement left those in the ditch in a very precarious situation. About midway between the two armies, they were compelled to lie there exposed to the hot sun during the whole afternoon, with both parties firing over them and an occasional shell dropping in their midst. To attempt a return was certain death and it may be imagined with what anxiety they watched the decline of the sun and longed for

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the shades of night to relieve them. In the meantime heavy fighting was going on to our left by Howard and Hooker and the day ended favorable to the Union cause.

Just before the approach of night an incident occurred of which I was an eye witness and which I think deserves a place in these papers.

Early in the afternoon Sergeant Browning, Co. G 33d. Ohio, had been badly wounded and the poor fellow's groans, as he lay in the hot sun through those long, weary hours, were distinctly heard along the line. As night came on, one of his comrades came to Major Barger and requested permission to go to the rear for a stretcher on which to remove him to the hospital. He was refused, but later came again and the Major, yielding to his persistency and cautioning him as to the great danger, allowed him to go. With a quick step he was soon out of sight, but not of hearing, for the sound as of a ball striking came to our ears and a sharp cry of pain told us that he was hit. When reached he was found to be mortally wounded and in a few days he and his sergeant were laid side by side in Southern soil. No costly monument marks his grave—nothing save the mention of his name in the list of casualties of the battle ever told the world of his death, yet surely there is, *there must be* a roll of honor somewhere whereon the name of Peter Hurley is inscribed—"Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friend."

The long expected night was not such a boon after all, for when it came it brought the moon shining full and bright, and our prospects for release were but little better than they had been. However, by going singly and darting from one tree to another, in a zigzag course, we managed to reach the breastworks where our men were lying and who had ceased their firing to allow our approach. A ghastly sight it was as we reached these trees to find dead comrades lying there in the bright moonlight, their faces in most instances turned upward so that they were easily recognized. As I was going forward in the charge I had passed the body of an officer lying face downward, which I had supposed was that of one whom I afterward met in the ditch. I now found it to be that of Captain McKain, Co. I, 33d. Ohio, as brave and gallant an officer as ever fell on the field of battle. He was from Pomeroy, O., and from the time of his joining the regiment to his death commanded the respect and esteem of all his associates and the entire confidence of his superiors. I know that this mention of his name will recall none but pleasant memories to those who ever knew him.

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Just before our return from the ditch occurred the death of Lieutenant Edgar J. Higby, Co. C., 33d. Ohio, one of the saddest events of that sad day. While both sides were firing at each other young Higby, being carried away by the excitement of the occasion, rashly seized a musket from one of his men and standing up to discharge it, received a ball in his forehead, which laid him dead in the trenches. Loving hands bore him from the field and on the next morning I witnessed his rude burial side by side with thirteen regimental comrades who had fallen on the same field. His body was afterward removed to the honored grave in the Chillicothe cemetery, where it now rests.

My first acquaintance with Lieutenant Higby was formed at Camp Morrow, near Portsmouth, where the 33d. Ohio was organized. He was then Orderly Sergeant of Company C and impressed me as being of too delicate a build to endure the hardships of the field. Soon he was promoted to a Lieutenancy and that brought us into close intimacy and I then saw that he had a soldier's spirit and that it would be no light hardship which would daunt him. Young as he was he seemed to have a true conception of the cause which he had espoused and no one could be more ardent in his devotion to the means which would lead to its success. Always ready when called upon for duty—always obeying without question the orders of his superiors and always caring for the comfort of those of whom he was in command, he performed all the duties of camp life in a satisfactory manner, while in battle none could excel him in ardor or daring. At the battle of Chickmauga it was his fortune to be made a prisoner of war and he became an inmate of the notorious Libby prison. At the time of the memorable escape from those walls by tunneling, he was one to receive the benefit, and after many adventures succeeded in reaching the Union lines. On his arrival at Columbus he was presented to the Ohio legislature, then in session, which honored him and itself by publicly receiving a young officer who had shown so much spirit. But his heart was at the front with his regiment and he hastened to rejoin it. That was his post of duty and there he wanted to be. The result has been told.

Late at night we were relieved by Colonel Dan McCook's regiment and placed in another position in front of which we could distinctly hear the rebels cutting down trees and throwing up a new line of fortifications. The fighting the next day was done to our left by Hooker and Howard and we were engaged only in skirmishing and with our artillery. On the morning of the 16th the enemy had disappeared from our front and orders were issued for immediate pursuit. About

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the time we were ready to move a severe chill, followed by fever, obliged me to avail myself of an ambulance and be carried to the field hospital. Here, for the first time, I saw the horrors of such a place and witnessed scenes the recollection of which still causes a shudder. The accommodations were as good as could possibly be secured under the circumstances and the medical attendance all that could be desired, yet there was such an absence of the comforts which one naturally expects for the sick and wounded that it seemed hard that they should be there. There are but few of the 33rd. Ohio but will remember Private Roberts, Co. C, a stout, healthy man, who was wounded in the battle. At the hospital his leg was amputated and the shock to his system was so great as to cause temporary delirium. He was immediately opposite to me in the hospital and in the night he tore the bandages from the stump, and when I awoke his pallid countenance told me of another patriot's life laid on the altar of his country. A very few days satisfied me here and I set out on foot to rejoin my regiment, which I found near the Etowah river.

Nothing of special importance to our immediate command occurred, although the affairs of Dallas and Burnt Hickory were of moment generally, until we reached Kenesaw Mountain, where the enemy had secured another almost impregnable position. After nearly a month's struggle, however and a terrible assault in which over fifteen hundred men were killed and wounded, General Sherman was successful in a move which forced its evacuation and put the Confederates once more on the run. It was while here that a funny incident occurred, which many of my readers will no doubt rememember. Our surgeon had been in the hospitals at the rear for some time and thinking perhaps that the spiritual welfare of the regiment needed a little attention, brought us one Sunday the chaplain of a Wisconsin regiment, who, it was announced, would deliver a discourse to us on the afternoon of that day. It so happened that on the night previous we had been on the brow of a hill, which was the front line of that part of the army, but in the morning had been relieved and were now retired to a position on the side of the hill, but still in supporting distance of the troops which relieved us. As the enemy was in close proximity it was no unusual thing for courtesies in the way of shots from the artillery to be exchanged and it will readily be seen that in case of an overshot from the enemy's side the shot or shell was liable to drop into our camp. But little things like that did not disturb us much just then, for we were tolerably well used to them and nothing was said or thought about them in fixing the hour for the services. Three o'clock

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came and with it the doctor and the parson. A temporary pulpit was rigged up under a large tree with spreading branches, around which, seated on the ground, was the congregation, eager to receive the message of grace from the Divine agent. We had quite a number of good singers in the regiment, who had formed themselves in a band and around the campfires at night would often entertain us with religious melodies and patriotic songs in a very creditable style. On this occasion they were assembled as a choir and sang the opening hymn in a way which made the woods ring, but not sufficiently loud to entirely drown the whizz of a shell which passed over our heads, to the evident concern of the occupants of the rude pulpit. The boys caught on that the parson's faith was rather weak and when in the prayer which followed another shell came, nearly breaking the connection of his petitions, there was a loud grin to be seen on their faces. But another hymn followed without interruption and then the text was announced and the discourse commenced. It had not proceeded far, certainly not more than firstly, when some rebel gunner having no respect for the holy services sent a shell, more vicious than any which had preceded it, through the branches of the very tree under which the man of God was preaching. This was too much. "Brethren, I do not propose to make a long discourse to-day. My time is limited (another shell), and we will now conclude by singing the doxology. Well, if none of you can sing, the congregation is dismissed." He had forgotten our fine choir and before the last words were fairly out of his mouth was on his horse, which was hitched near by. As he and the doctor rode rapidly away they were shouted and jeered at by the congregation and as the surgeon never returned to the regiment, but soon resigned, it is fair to presume that he considered us joined to our idols and was willing to let us alone—while on the front line.

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CHAPTER XV.

MARIETTA, GA.—SMYRMA CAMP GROUND.—ACROSS THE CHATTAHOOCHEE.—IN THE FIELD HOSPITAL.—DEATH OF LIEUTENANT CAMPBELL, 33 O. V. I. AND ADJUTANT J. W. THOMAS 2d. O. V. I.—AT VINING'S STATION AND LOOKOUT MOUNTAIN.—LIEUTENANT COLONEL MONTGOMERY AND MAJOR BARGER WOUNDED.—SEPARATION BETWEEN 2D. AND 33D. OHIO.—RETURN TO MARIETTA.

ON the 4th of July, 1864, after passing through the rebel fortifications at Kennesaw mountain, which were found of great strength, we came to the city of Marietta, Ga. Next to Huntsville, Ala., this was the most beautiful city which we found in the south, but its handsome residences were now deserted and its broad, shaded streets filled with only the marching columns of the Union army. As we halted in the town the negroes gathered around us and General Sherman with his staff, who stopped near by, was surrounded by a motley crowd of these poor creatures who could scarcely believe that their Savior, as they called him, was actually before them.

But we were in active pursuit of the enemy and tarried but a little while to enjoy the sight of the handsome city. At Smyrna Camp Ground a few miles beyond, we came upon a detachment of confederates with whom we had quite an engagement and lost a few men. A colonel of a Michigan regiment, Stoughton, I think, was the name, was badly wounded here and lost his leg in consequence. The enemy now occupied the strong works which had been prepared on the north bank of the Chattahoochee river with a heavy force on his front, which General Sherman persisted in calling only a skirmish line, until by throwing our brigade against it, he was satisfied to the contrary. He personally visited our line, and notwithstanding the assurances of General King, of the regular brigade and Colonel A. G. McCook of ours, pooh-poohed the idea of there being anything but a thin line in our front and ordered us to advance. When we did so the reception given us convinced him of his mistake, but it was not before many of the boys in blue bit the dust in the field through which we charged. On the next morning, however, the line was gone and without opposition we entered the works. As some of us were strolling about admir-

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ing their great strength a sign of "small pox" on a board near a hut attracted our attention and drew together quite a crowd, which a rebel sharp shooter, on the other side of the river, who seemed to have the exact range, soon dispersed with a few of the most vicious sounding bullets I have ever heard. From the smoke of his gun we located him in a small pile of rails thrown together for his protection and a piece of artillery having been brought up soon relieved us from further trouble from that source. The first shot hit the rails fairly, throwing Mr. Sharpshooter high in the air and putting an end forever to his efforts for the Confederacy. We remained in our camps until the 17th. of July, when General Thomas' command was thrown across the river and moved cautiously forward in a movement to unite the forces in front of Atlanta.

And now I must ask the reader's indulgence for following my own fortunes for a short time, rather than those of the command to which we were attached through the many dangers which it bravely faced in the weeks which followed. While making the movement spoken of I was taken sick on the 19th inst. and by direction of the surgeon sent to the field hospital, which was being established in our rear. It was located in a beautiful grove and was still free from the repulsive scenes of such places, although there were quite a number of sick occupying the large, comfortable tents erected on the grounds. Being well acquainted with some of the surgeons in charge, especially Doctors Marks, of the 10th Wis., and Miller, of the 2nd Ohio, I fared very well, and was given a tent for my sole occupancy. On the afternooon of the 20th. heavy cannonading was heard in our front and soon ambulances began to arrive with the wounded from the battle of Peachtree creek, which was then in progress. It was a harrowing sight indeed when they drew up and discharged their loads of men, wounded in every conceivable shape. An operating tent had been erected, in which there was a rude platform covered with a rubber blanket and thither all cases requiring amputation were taken. While undergoing these operations the men were placed under the influence of anæsthetics, and singing, shouting and other cries, according to the way in which the patients were affected by the treatment, issued from the tent almost constantly. A few moments sufficed in such case and they were quiet enough when brought out minus a leg or arm and carried to the tents awaiting them. Among those brought from the battlefield was Lieutenant Campbell Company F, 33d. Ohio, who was placed in a tent not far removed from mine. He had recently been promoted from the ranks and this was the first battle in which he had participated as an

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officer. Although a young man of iron nerve his pain was so excruciating that he could not control himself and his cries were at times distinctly heard throughout the camp. I arose in the night and brought a surgeon to see him, but his wound was mortal and the administering of opiates to lessen the pain was all that could be done for him. Death kindly came to his relief before many hours and as the morning's sun beamed through the branches of the trees surrounding us, he breathed his last and was at rest forever.

At one time in the night I strolled out in the beautiful moonlight and came across some attendants bearing a large basket filled with limbs which were being taken out for burial. How white and ghastly they looked and how suggestive of the horrors of war!

In this battle there fell a young officer just entering on the threshhold of life, who, in his short career, had established a reputation for bravery and gallantry throughout the entire brigade. Adjutant J. W. Thomas, of the 2d. Ohio, was, I think, a native of Ashland, Ky. On the evening before we started on this campaign we had exchanged photographs and as I look now on the one he gave me, I see as bright and handsome a young man as I have ever met. But it was in the heat of battle, when his fine eyes flashed defiance and his whole frame trembled with enthusiasm, that he appeared at his best. A few days before, in the fight at Smyrna Camp Ground, his horse had been wounded under him, but now it was he who received the fatal bullet which laid him dead at the feet of his commanding officer, who loved him so well. No need to bear him to the hospital—the roar of the cannon which a moment before had caused his every nerve to thrill with excitement, was now unheeded and the shouts of victory which came from his comrades were all unheard. A soldier's grave on the spot where he fell, a few tears from the stern men who laid him away and the battle of life for this brave youth was ended.

Now that so many wounded required the attention of the surgeons, the sick were removed to a more permanent hospital at Vining's station, on the railroad and there I spent a miserable week among scenes which I have no heart to describe. Gladly I received an order to repair to the hospital for officers which had been located on Lookout Mountain, after the battles around Chattanooga. Before the war the top of the mountain had been a pleasure resort for wealthy southerners and the fine building and neat cottages which had been erected there, now did good service for our sick and wounded. On a train filled with that class I willingly left the hospital at the front and started for the one on the mountain.

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At one point on the road our train stopped to put off some patients at what was known as the "gangrene hospital." It was in a lonely spot and well might its portals have borne the inscription, "Who enters here leaves hope behind," for but few of its inmates ever returned to the world.

The mountain was a pleasant resort for invalids and to those who were able to walk about, offered many attractions. The view from its top was magnificent and when not obscured by the clouds which sometimes hung in heavy masses below, was greatly enjoyed by the inmates of the hospital. One morning I was surprised by the appearance of Lieutenant Colonel Montgomery of my own regiment with a wound which certainly would have killed almost any one but this rugged and brave hearted soldier. His indomitable will and strong constitution, however, brought him through and he yet lives, although in shattered health from its effects.

My health was not improved by the treatment at the hospital and I was becoming quite despondent when I was one day gladdened by a visit from Colonel A. G. McCook and Captain Warnock of the 2nd. Ohio. The term of service of that regiment was about to expire and it had been sent from the front to assist in suppressing General Wheeler, who was at that time raiding about Chattanooga. The 2nd. and 33d. Ohio regiments were united in the fall of '61, in an expedition into eastern Kentucky, under the command of General Wm. Nelson and had remained in the same brigade with each other up to the time of which we are writing. In every battle thus far they had stood shoulder to shoulder and each had learned to respect the soldierly qualities of the other. The officers and men had mingled socially until it was almost as one regiment and each was always ready to defend the other's good name. That feeling has always existed and to this day, when the veterans of those regiments meet, they always clasp each other's hands with more than usual fervor.

Colonel McCook kindly invited me to join his mess at their camp in front of Chattanooga, which invitation was eagerly accepted and, having obtained permission from the surgeon in charge, I left the hospital and found the change so beneficial, that, in a week's time my health was fully restored and I started by rail to rejoin my regiment. Before starting, however, I learned of the serious wounding of Major Barger, of the 33d. Ohio and met his mother on her way to the front to nurse her son. She met with great difficulty at Chattanooga in securing a pass, as stringent orders had been issued forbidding the passage

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of citizens to the front; but she was a lady of indomitable will and at last procured the desired permission. A mother who thinks the life of her son is at stake, is not easily put off by bundles of red tape, no matter how large they are. Upon her arrival at Vining's station, where her son was in hospital, she rented a house, bought a cow and having him immediately transferred to her care commenced the task of nursing him back to life. This she succeeded after many weeks in doing and although never entirely recovered, but always a great sufferer, he attributes the preservation of his life to a mother's kind care.

On my arrival at the Chattahoochee river I found the 20th corps, under General Slocum, in position there, while my command was with the part of the army which had been detached to get in the rear of Atlanta. There was no connection between the two parts of the army, consequently I returned to Marietta to await the time when I could safely rejoin it. There I took quarters with some sutlers, and having met an old friend in the person of the Post Commissary, lived fat until the fall of Atlanta.

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CHAPTER XVI.

IN ATLANTA.—DEATH OF LIEUTENANTS, POMEROY AND SYKES 33d. O. V. I.—PURSUIT OF GENERAL HOOD.—MUSTER OUT.—PERILS OF RETURN TRIP.—SAFE ARRIVAL AT HOME.

ON the day after the fall of Atlanta I took passage from Marietta on a train filled with soldiers, and in company with Lieutenant R. L. Ramsey, Co. D, 33d. Ohio, reached the former city in a short time. An old colored man accosted us at the depot and offered us quarters in a private residence, which, as our regiment had not yet reached the city, we gladly accepted. He conducted us to a small residence on Peach tree street which we found occupied by a rebel soldier, who had remained behind with a sick wife when the city was evacuated. He was glad to have our protection and gave us the best rooms in the house, which, however, were entirely unfurnished. But we had our blankets and very soon were comfortably located. At the commissary department we could procure provisions and a female servant acting as cook, prepared our meals and so we got along famously until the house was taken for a part of General Thomas' headquarters. About that time our regiment arrived and we were once more with the boys who had passed through so many dangers since we left them. Those dangers had not been without their result and besides the absence of Lieutenant Colonel Montgomery and Major Barger on account of wounds, we missed the presence of Lieutenant Chas. R. Pomeroy, who had been killed in one of the many engagements incident to the siege.

This gallant young officer, of whom I have made mention in a previous chapter, was one of the best in the regiment and his loss was much deplored. I have always regretted my absence at the time of the occurrence as he left a note, written in case of this sad ending of his career, in which he requested me to take charge of his effects. Before I returned they were lost and his friends at home were thus deprived of those souvenirs which would have been so carefully treasured as mementoes of their precious son and brother. But he is still held in affectionate rememberance not only by them, but also by those bound to him by the ties of comradeship, who had learned to love and respect in an unusual degree this brave and fearless, yet kind and gentle young soldier.

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At the battle of Jonesboro Lieutenant John Sykes, who had only received his promotion a short hour before his death, had also been killed and many other of our comrades' places were vacant in the ranks. All of the field officers having been disabled, the command was in charge of Captain T. A. Minshall, who proved himself fully equal to the requirements of his position. A fine camp was selected and as General Sherman gave us *carte blanche* as to lumber, even authorizing the tearing down of houses when necessary, we soon had most excellent and, in some cases, luxurious quarters. I remember of one instance where a soldier had a costly mirror which almost covered one side of his hut.

But this was not to last, for soon there were rumors that General Hood had passed around us and was rapidly marching in the direction of Chattanooga. These rumors proved to be true and immediately we were on his track, retracing our steps over the ground for which we had so recently fought. There were frequent rains about that time which made heavy roads and this, together with the uncertainty of the enemy's movements, made our progress slow. At one point it seemed that we had lost him entirely and I hope I will be pardoned for here introducing a bit of history which may have the appearance of self praise. The troops had been halted for about twenty-four hours and the 33d. Ohio had been on picket duty nearly all of that time. It had returned to camp late in the evening tired, wet and muddy and the men were just preparing to enjoy a much needed rest, when an order came from brigade headquarters for it to repair to Lost Mountain, some four miles distant. Captain Minshall was very indignant and sent his adjutant to protest. When that officer reached General Carlin's quarters he was shown an order from General D. S. Stanley, commanding 14th corps, directing that General Carlin should detain his *best* regiment for that duty. The original order from General Sherman to General Stanley directed him to send a regiment to the top of Lost Mountain to make observations of the enemy's movements if in sight and requiring the commanding officer to occasionally burn a house or brushpile as he went along so that the general commanding might observe his progress. The duty was faithfully performed and as houses were more plenty than brush piles, the general had no difficulty in seeing the signals.

While on the march, at Big Shanty, Ga., a place made famous by the Andrew's raiders, for it was there they seized the train and started on their perilous journey, my connection with the army ceased and I received my honorable discharge. For three long years

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and one month I had shared the fortunes of my comrades and given my best services to the government which I had sworn to support. I can not say that I did not welcome my discharge, for the life was a hard one and home was so attractive, but there were many regrets at leaving those with whom I had shared so many pleasures and faced so many dangers.

I remained with the army until we reached Kingston and there bidding farewell to my comrades, in company with Lieuts. Fitzwilliam and Roby and their trusty contraband, Bragg, took a train for Chattanooga. On the train which was composed entirely of box cars, there were about a hundred sick, discharged and furloughed soldiers on their way to the North and a pleasant party we were as we were swiftly carried in that direction.

At the town of Calhoun, where there was a regiment af cavalry stationed, there seemed to be quite a commotion and as we stood in the door of our car a cavalryman hurriedly threw in a bag of mail and requested us to deliver it to the postmaster at Chattanooga, *if we got there.* If we got there? What did that mean? Of course we would get there, for were we not going in that direction? Accosting an old citizen who stood near we sought information and were told that some rebel cavalry were threatening the place, but if we succeeded in crossing the river we would be entirely safe. A short run brought us to the Oostenaula, which we crossed on a long bridge and drew up at the station of Resaca. Congratulating ourselves on our safety we were looking at the familiar ground, where a few weeks before we had met the enemy in such a memorable battle, when our eyes caught sight of some pies exposed for sale at the station. It was long since such delicacies had pleased our stomachs and we immediately purchased a supply and started for our car. Before reaching it there came a sound, a familiar but always an unwelcome sound to the soldier. The long roll was beating! There was a fort there garrisoned by a regiment of Indiana troops under command of Colonel Weaver. As the thrilling sound rang out such troops as were not on picket duty rushed to the fort and all were on the alert. Soon a flag of truce came to the lines and a written demand was sent in for the surrender of the place. Col. Weaver not seeing the necessity for such a proceeding, refused to comply and that brought a second flag with that infamous note from Gen. Hood, which will forever be a blot on the fair fame of that dashing officer, stating that unless immedi-

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ately surrendered the place would be assaulted and no quarter shown to its occupants.

A prompt refusal was also given to this demand and immediately firing on the picket line began. As the men on the train were without arms we were ordered into the fort and there had full leisure to observe the operations of the enemy. We could plainly see that they were placing a battery in position to shell the fort, which at best was an insecure place and about four o'clock p. m. we were ordered to return to the train, which would retake us across the river, where we could lie under the protection of the railroad embankment.

As we moved across the high bridge the battery opened fire and the engineer, who had in the meantime got very drunk, in a spirit of bravado or cussedness, stopped the train just where it presented the fairest mark. Fortunately, however, about the time they had secured the range, some other person took hold of the throttle and drew us out of danger from that source. A cold drizzling rain made the night anything but a pleasant one and we were glad when morning came to return to the fort and receive the rations which were issued to us. The garrison at Dalton, the next station north of us, composed of colored troops, had in the meantime surrendered and all day long from our position in the fort, which was always under fire, we could see the rebels tearing up the track and burning and twisting the rails without molestation.

The regiment of cavalry from Calhoun had reinforced us, but we were entirely too weak to have withstood an assault, and the failure to attack, as we learned afterward from a citizen at whose cabin a council had been held, was that there were not sufficient stores in the place to justify it. On the evening of that day the advance of General Sherman's army arrived and the next morning found us with not a rebel in sight. Halting at Resaca one day our army again started in pursuit, while our train load of passengers, availing themselves of the escort of a small force guarding a paymaster's ambulance and some sutler wagons, started on foot for their destination. A part of the way we traveled by railroad, *but not by rail* and had full opportunity of witnessing the destruction which had been made. Passing through Dalton, where we had quite a scare which proved a false alarm, we reached Tunnel Hill about dark and were fortunate enough to get a seat on top of the last train which was to leave for Chattanooga for many weeks. There we arrived about midnight, and hearing that a train would soon

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leave, went to the depot and secured a box car without trouble. Just before it was to start, however, an official ordered us out, but we were too old soldiers for that and as it commenced moving we threw our blankets aboard and climbing in made the trip to Stevenson without molestation. A regiment of cavalry here got aboard and mingling with it we got along very well until at Tullahoma an order was received for the train to return, as General Hood was reported crossing the Tennessee river. It was three o'clock in the morning and holding a hasty council we decided to get off and take the chances for another train. This soon coming along proved to be a hospital train carrying sick and wounded men, and making application for passage, we were peremptorily refused. Watching our opportunity we clambered to the top of the cars and hung on until the next station was reached, where we were discovered and summarily put off. The station consisted of a telegraph office and was right in the midst of a region infested by guerrillas, but this was nothing to the heartless man in charge and the train moved off with its load of disabled soldiers under the care of a man entirely devoid of any principle of humanity.

About daylight we signaled a train carrying timber for a bridge at Nashville which willingly stopped and gave us passage to Murfreesboro, where the regular passenger train overtook us and conveyed us to Nashville.

Tarrying there a short time for rest, we proceeded to Louisville without further incident and having shown our discharge papers for the last time at the Ohio river ferry, passed once more into God's country. There in time we read of the great victory at Nashville by our old commander, General Thomas and of the glorious March to the Sea and followed our comrades in their toilsome march through the Carolinas until at last they aided in compelling the surrender of that same general who had fought them so stubbornly and so gallantly from Chattanooga to Atlanta.

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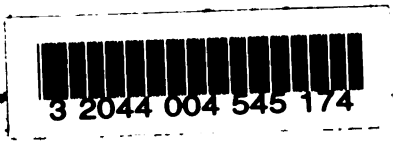

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